

CAVALCADE

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER, 1944

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Don't
DEPEND
on Victory



VICTORY
Depends
ON YOU



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The days of reconstruction, as of war, will be busy. In each of those days many a man will have no time to waste much to keep in touch with.

CAVALCADE is designed, as it happens after its wartime mission, for that man in particular. It has no words to waste, no old ideas to rehearse. It aims to give busy people in swift and polished writing, in pertinent photo and drawing, a reflection of today. It has humor—it has also serious policy. It presents authoritatively, brightly, briefly, your life—your world.

We've Had it

WE'VE HAD a report about a 16-year-old English girl who beamed a hospital sister into becoming engaged to a non-existent airman. The girl first impersonated the airman by phone and mail, claiming the sister once married "him," then put the marriage proposal. She then impersonated the secretary of the airman's mother and called on the sister asking her to refuse because the airman could not "marry beneath him."

WE'VE HAD the story of a New Yorker who had his ear bitten off in a fight. Police used a searchlight to locate the ear and three hours later it was sewn back.

WE'VE HAD the bad news that over 1,200,000 sheep and cattle have died in N.S.W. this year through drought. This emphasizes our future irrigation needs.

WE'VE HAD advice from

Melbourne that 18 ostrich eggs laid by ostriches imported to North Balwyn Secondary two years ago, are now being hatched at Ringwood Children Farm.

WE'VE HAD a pointer to Australia's post-war development in the fact that Australian National Airways have permission to spend 43,000,000 on eight aircraft, four of which will carry 44 sitting passengers and four of which will carry 67.

WE'VE HAD our second newspaper famine in Sydney within the year. First was a two-day wonder starting with censorship. This one was a thirteen-day fight between proprietors and unions, highlighted by the production of a composite newspaper from the proprietors and a "free press" by journalists.

WE'VE HAD another Victory Loan that filled slowly.

Possibly this was because we've had a spate of armistice-expertise which was premature.

WE'VE HAD an interest in the first Philippine victory where (a) Australian naval units helped written up; (b) 20 R.A.A.F. men and 4 A.I.F. men were attached as signal specialists to U.S. units; (c) Japs escaped our coconuts and concealed booby traps inside.

WE'VE HAD a court case over Debell's Archibald Prize painting of Joshua Smith in which much wrangling occurred as to what is a portrait. Biggest court case yet is likely to stage in Australia for some time.

WE'VE HAD a line from New York about a pregnancy which lasted for 400 days, quoted by a doctor in defending a woman whose child was born 14 months after her husband left home.

WE'VE HAD a woman who went to a funeral on her way to a cocktail party, carry-

ing a floral cocktail hat in a bag. Crematorium attendant took the hat, mistook it for a wreath, and put it on the coffin.

WE'VE HAD an appeal from Sydney University for 2,000 frogs to be used by science students. Price, 6d each.

WE'VE HAD a lesson in love from a New York expert who says fat women are slower to work up romance than slim women.

WE'VE HAD warning from C. to C. Sir Thomas Blamey that Japanese still inhabit the South-West Pacific, and will take some driving out.

WE'VE HAD the story of seeing the white Australia policy confirmed at a conference of the Australian Natives' Association.

WE'VE HAD the loss of a member of the Royal family, the Princess Beatrice, last living child of Queen Victoria, who lived at the famous Carlsbad Castle on the beautiful little Isle of Wight.



Breaking up the pipe dreams of low taxation immediately after the war ends, CAVALCADE is not being pessimistic; simply sounding a timely note on what you can expect.



Your Taxation—Tomorrow

WHEN he gave a warning in Parliament that pre-war taxes would never return, Treasurer Chifley put an end to a lot of comfortable thoughts.

With victory in sight, many people could almost hear the jingle of the extra cash in their pockets when taxes were lifted.

But it's not going to be as easy as that.

Bluntly, Treasurer Chifley told these people: "I cannot see this happening, and it would

be entirely foolish for anyone to suggest that it is possible to bring this about."

The question is not how long it will take for taxes to get back to pre-war levels, but just how close to those levels they get.

Treasurer Chifley made no promises. There will be a healthy reduction in current tax rates in the post-war years, but no sudden leaping of today's high levels.

Insiders are saying that the

first tax reductions may come next financial year, to lower paid groups, and people with heavy family responsibilities. For most tax-payers relief will not come until later.

Realism, not pessimism, marks Treasurer Chifley's warning, and the reasons for it are pretty plain. On the debit side of the post-war ledger are duties and commitments which the Federal Government, of whatever party, must face—great national works projects, social services, rehabilitation of the demobilised Service people.

Adjustments must be made to our economy in accordance with international arrangements that are certain to form some part of the peace.

On the credit side will be the greatly reduced liabilities of financing the war and maintaining the industrial machine now producing war needs.

Also marked up to credit will be the realisations from sales of vast quantities of war equipment, and economies in many administrative directions.

Between the debit and credit is a balance upon which post-war taxes will be based.

The last war produced the Federal income tax, which was thought to be a war measure, due to, disappear when peace came.

This war will leave a legacy of debt and responsibility which

will make those of the last war seem little more than petty cash to the national Treasury.

Foremost on the post-war list will be the maintenance of a small but expensive defence machine. Before the war defence didn't cost much in the national budget. Pacifica defeated politicians who thought in terms of better defence.

The Defence vote in post-war budgets will be important.

Australia's part in the Pacific war has proved that this country is probably most vulnerable to aircraft, paratroopers and submarines. Therefore, our post-war fighting force must be equipped to defeat these threats. This will be expensive to prepare, but only a comparatively small item beside some others in coming budgets.

Lend-Lease or Reciprocal Aid has avoided the piling up of huge debts that were so burdensome after the last war. With it has developed an element of co-operation on an international scale, as well as some sense of obligation on the part of nations which have been the heaviest recipients.

What effect Lend-Lease will have on the fiscal policy of many nations post-war international conferences will show.

In Australia, where itself has been so much a revenue producer as a protection to young Australian industries,

any adjustments on an international scale will be a sick head-ache to the Treasurer who is trying to balance his budget and at the same time reduce taxation.

The Tariff Board's latest report to Parliament could not predict the tariff position after the war. The tariff has largely ceased to operate at this stage, but Australia's traditional policy is its maintenance. The third element which will keep peace-time budgets up will be cost works programmes.

The National Works Council has mapped out a £250,000,000 plan of roads and homes, dams and afforestation, designed to remedy the neglect of war.

Here the Treasurer will be able largely to use loans and bank credit, without raising inflation because the works will be productive, and partly or wholly self-supporting.

But the Treasurer is limited in the method of financing, which will add to a public debt the present annual interest of which is one of the biggest budget items.

Fourth debt item is social services which, unlike works, may not be paid for by easy borrowing, but must be financed from revenue.

This year costs have gone up to finance the first stage of a social service programme which will be widely expanded after the war no matter what

board of politics controls the government.

Another problem of future taxing is the still unpredictable shrinkage in the field from which taxes may be levied.

To-day thousands of women pay taxes, but they in normal times would be housewives; thousands of men and women who normally would be retired and living on superannuation or savings or pensions, are temporary taxpayers, too.

After the war thousands of wage earners will go back to their homes; elderly people will go back to retirement. The time up which Service people are reabsorbed into employment will depend upon the efficacy of government planning and the resiliency of private industry.

There will be gratitudes or some other reward for service to be found for soldiers; there will be millions of pounds to be provided under government schemes to help Service personnel to return to civil life.

Australia will also have to find more millions to support the increased world standard which she rightly claims.

An intriguing element of post-war taxation possibilities is the future of the Uniform Tax Agreement. Early in the war the States agreed to hand over to the Commonwealth for the duration of the war and one year afterwards their rights of

income taxation, subject to re-arrangement on an agreed basis.

With the defeat of the referendum there is already evidence of a militant resurgence of the die-hard State-Righters.

So it remains for time and relationships between the Commonwealth and the States to determine whether income taxation will remain with the Commonwealth.

Federal income tax went on in 1915, and in that year Australians paid only 11s. 1d. each in Federal and State income taxation.

In 1920 they were paying £3/15/2, in 1929, the last year of the boom, £4/0/2; in 1939, the last year of peace, £4/4/1. To-day every man, woman and child in Australia are paying more than £20 each.

With indirect taxes each of us pays more than £40 a year to the Treasury.

Economists could probably prove something about the increase in population and the relationship of our national income with our now staggering national debt, but the people who pay the taxes don't give much thought to this because money in such fabulous quantities

is a mystifying commodity.

To the end of April when the last figures were worked out each Australian had paid £216 towards the cost of the war—at that stage £1,338,000,000.

From being one of the most lightly taxed countries in the world Australia has become one of the most heavily taxed.

Taxation is now so high that individual incentive is weakened. But here are some predictions and some comforting thoughts: About next March or April, the Treasurer, in framing the pay-as-you-go schedules to operate from July 1, 1945, will announce small reductions in income taxation on lower groups.

In 1946 the togetherness will make further reluctant retreats. But in that year another Federal election is due and, if the war is over then, you will find political parties offering spectacular relief for 1947.

The Treasurer after the next election, whoever he may be, will be in the midst of all the problems which to-day's Treasurer foresees when he dropped the brick-bat on the too-optimistic taxpayers.

AMONG the misconceptions of history as it is taught now rank the schoolgirl who wrote in an essay: "When Queen Victoria was crowned, she took as her motto, 'I will be good'." She followed this motto punctiliously through a long and tedious life."

The Enemy

There are 3,000,000 of these unwanted people in Japan—encasts whom Japan will not even allow to become soldiers. They are the "fifth four per cent."



Japan's Underground

"TO our long-suffering brotherhood, victims of despicable class rule, the time is not far when we must reject the myth of our martyrdom. The time has come for freedom and equality. We shall run against our oppressors."

That manifesto was issued by the Japanese underground, in 1943, the second year of the Pacific War. It is probably the secret hope of 75,000 Japanese homes, and a total of approximately 3,000,000 people.

The Japanese underground

is not the result of such a race theory as oppressed the Jews in Germany and, a century ago, the gypsies throughout Europe.

It is not a cave of leopards people suffering under a conqueror, as were the Masques of France and Belgium, or the Warsaw contractors in Poland.

Its nearest parallel, though not an exact one, is in the parish, the outcast, the untouchable of India.

Japan's underground is made up of people who by birth and appearance, by language and

custom, are as much Japanese as emperor or general. But they are "low caste," they are the *teishaku baraka*, the people who have been kept on the bottom because of Japan's own snobbish caste system, far longer than old historians can remember.

Japan's caste system is as definite in its way as is India's. Soldiers are on top; and time was when reading or writing were looked down on, as effeminate; trading was despised, as unworthy; and humbler occupations were just as unmentionable as candlesticks in your grandfather's day.

But the unmentionables had as great a propensity for promotion as had the aristocrats; the unmentionables were as aware of injustice as you and I. They might be kept for cleaning latrines and mending shoes in feudal days; with the development of westernism in Japan even they began to look for their share.

They didn't get it.

Most interesting recent information on the *teishaku baraka* comes not from textbooks (which sometimes miss interesting points) but from university lecturer Howard Snyder, repatriated from Tokio and who, as economist is his subject, was armed with figures.

Since Japan began traffic with the west, he reckons, the untouchables have increased by

430 per cent.

In 1938 statistics showed that 4,000 of these people were peddlers or very small shopkeepers; 25,000 were butchers or leather-workers, both callings taboo in Japan. Of 3,000,000 odd individual untouchables only 175 individuals were in Government positions.

One untouchable became a professor at Tokio university; he was forced to announce his degrading birth to all his pupils — to warn them so that they could steer clear if they wished.

Untouchable children may go to the same school as others, but must sit on separate benches and their books must be clearly marked "unclean" so that decent Japanese will not be defiled by picking them up.

The ancient Jewish prescriptions against lepers, and the Hindu's fear of an ancestor's shadow falling over a Brahmin's path, are not more fanatically strict than the Japanese treatment of their untouchables.

The *teishaku baraka* are not allowed to be soldiers.

Soldiering is the highest calling Japan has to offer; bearing arms is an honour the untouchables must not share. They had no connection with the army at all. Howard Snyder, coming again to the rescue with recent knowledge, brings us up to date: in 1941 the manpower famine forced Japan to reorg-

also her fifty four per cent; they were drafted—as a labour battalion to coolie only, forbidden to carry arms.

The Nagasaki Conference of 1926, when Asiatics told each other they must hate the white man, mentioned that "even the *Suifeisha*" saw the necessity of organising.

Suifeisha was a restless band of untouchables who met at first secretly and announced themselves about 1920, at first with ready voice, later more loudly, claiming emancipation.

Had westernism done anything to undermine Shinto, the superstition which is dictator of Jap minds, the *Suifeisha* might have got somewhere. But westernism had not; even a Jap Christian, a Jap communist, still has the stain of Shinto across his mind. Shinto damns the untouchables — so the *Suifeisha* was allowed to hammer its head against its silly ideas of equality until it got tired.

When cabinet-maker Konoze, in 1940, clean-swept political parties and elected parliaments and trade unions, streamlining Japan for Pearl Harbor and Pacific war, he earned the *Suifeisha*, too.

Most of the people Konoze knocked were *war-happy* — *condemns*, saw war-fortunes, armed forces saw blood to drink, the average Jap believed he was going to be one of

75,000,000 world conquerors. The fifty four per cent, the tinkers and bachelors and leather workers, and their sons and daughters whose schoolbooks were useless, saw only the end of any hope of emancipation — another cycle of being lepross in their future.

More than one play-pot philosopher has remarked that it's a wonder everybody in Japan stands the Japanese. Actually, the fifty four per cent, didn't.

When they were disbanded by Konoze in 1940 they knew one thing — they knew it was possible to organise, and how to do it.

If the shoguns and samurai who went in the saddle then had remembered their history they would have remembered that the emperor Meiji, sick of being a mouthpiece for militarism, had beaten them in a series of civil wars and had, in 1868, beaten them and thrown them out of court.

In this year the military caste in Japan was dead. And what did it do? It went underground, formed secret societies, organised itself, staged a series of assassinations, and came back to power to fight the Japan-Chinese war, the Russo-Japanese war, and the modern series of Chinese wars and the Pacific war, upon the nation.

Jap militarists should know what you can do when you're driven underground.

They never credited the untouchables with doing it.

But the untouchables are doing it, on the latest showing. The manifesto which heads the article shows that, it is a statement which was published in the newspapers of a nation not at war with Japan — Russia.

Not long ago that *same* manifesto, the Japanese communist, raised a thin voice, urging Japan to go for a negotiated peace.

Japanese communism — or other nationalisms for that matter — would find a point of sympathetic contact in the newly-bombed islands, among these people.

Maybe like a lot of down-trodden minorities they are full of hot ideas — but will para-

lyze with fright when it comes to act and be heroes.

Maybe they have had a spoonful more than enough, and that, when the hour of the Samurai's doom strikes there will be the Maquis of Japan — if so, the power-drunk Nips will be stabbed in the back by an arm they themselves made strong through hard, mental work.

The Pacific has its parallels to European events — its oppressed lands, its oppressed people, and its people who desire to be free. Japan, like Germany, has not the consent of every individual to the war it makes.

The fifty four per cent are a queer and little-known bunch, but worth watching.

Doing It

ART CHEN is an American-born Chinese who is flying with the Chinese Air Force. In his single-engine machine he took on three Japanese pursuit planes. The first one he shot down, and ran out of ammunition. Deliberately turning his machine into a man-controlled torpedo, he crashed the second plane. Then, his own machine having suffered so well, he bailed out and landed safely near the wreck of his plane. One of his machines goes was undamaged. He took it from the wreck and carried it eight miles to his base. There he approached General Chenault. "Sir," he said, "may I have another airplane for my machine gun?"

On the other side of the war-world, at a rest house in England, an American pilot recovering from "battle nerves" told that on his first mission a shell exploded right behind him. "I lifted my arm and the blood poured out of my gloves," he said. "Some scraps of general knowledge came addition to his brain in the moments of crisis. He disconnected his electrically heated flying suit and let the temperature fall to something below zero. "As the temperature became very cold the bleeding naturally stopped," he said. "Then I could keep on flying, and I did."

Visitors

Brown and silent as shadows, lean, sinewy, they shuffle loosely along the streets of this or another port—and put to sea again. They make few demands.



Mystery Men of the Docks

IN every port in the Commonwealth, other parts all over the world, people who dwell on waterfronts everywhere know these men.

These dark, thin men whose feet, heavily laden in unaccustomed shoes, slip uncomfortably over paved roads; quiet, inoffensive little men who have no uniform save the odd scraps of clothing which proclaim their individuality — khaki tunics or faded dungarees, patched in contrasting colours as often as not; any kind of hat,

or none at all, stop their dark heads; bearded, moustached or clean-shaven; short-trousered, with an inch or two of bare leg showing.

Lascars—you call them that incorrectly. The Portuguese called his Army servants "lascars" and the name passed on gradually to all Asiatic seamen, particularly Indians, in accompanying vessels. But Merchant Shipping Acts use it for Indians only; and the Indian Government takes it to refer only to deckhands.

Some of these misnamed lascars are Ganesse Christians; most are Calcutta or Bombay Mohammedans who pray at the stated five times a day—in the street of their port of call, if necessary, with a complete disregard for the passerby.

Lascars are valentines: firemen, cooks, stewards, deckhands, they rarely are able to sign their articles in writing, so they do it with the point of their left dark thumb.

In Sydney the shipping companies run a hostel for the Indian crews. Recently a recreation room was opened for them as well as the Mission to Seamen: a room where they can sit and listen to native recorded music, and talk to each other.

Lascars are not hard to entertain. They neither expect nor enjoy the entertainment given other visiting seamen. They ask but food, a place to sleep, somewhere to talk without and in the high-pitched bridle accents of their language. Sometimes they play cards, but not for money, for money is too hard-earned to be squandered. Even though a little Australian money is worth a whole lot more in India, their rate of pay is only about £9 a month, plus war-risk bonus, and that money will, when they return from the sea, buy them a very small piece of land on which to grow a crop, keep a few animals, and live.

In these days they will be objects of local romantic interest. They will tell tales to their neighbours of the wonders far places they have visited around the world, and Hindu gods will flatter them as they grow wide with astonishment, perhaps even dubbled, of the travellers.

In the meantime they accumulate their experiences. Since the war they have been torpedoed and bombed; terrible things have happened to them, they have drifted and half-starved in open boats. They keep on with their seamanship in spite of it. Doggedly loyal.

Though hospitality is not showered upon them by most people in the lands they visit, they are contented. They have the simple pleasure of walking around a strange city; bi-weekly they see talkies at the Seamen's Mission. They visit the magic chain store counters and finger lovingly the half-crown treasures there displayed.

They go to Sydney's Paddy's Markets and do their shopping. It is entertainment, too. They haggle contentedly over the price of vegetables, fruit and poultry, and apparently, with a few English words and their fingers stuck up to represent figures, they haggle successfully, for they return to their hostel with roosters and chickens which they tether to their beds and kill for food when

they wish.

Food! Even when their stomachs are full of their simple curry and rice, they still are interested in more food. Ghee, clarified butter, is their cooking fat. It looks like thick butter-milk and smells like a cheese factory, but everything they eat—with rare exception—is cooked in it. Vitamins and proteins don't enter their calculations: food is something precious, and they eat it.

Condensed milk is a luxury—eaten out of the tin.

Butter — they'd eat it in chunks if they had the chance.

Oranges are something to wonder at and relish.

Tea rationing warms them and their employees: tea, aka, grumpy sweet, is the universal drink.

Most of their food is provided by the shipping firms; but the Mohammedan religion does not allow its followers to eat food killed by others; arrangements are made for butchers to go to the abattoirs and kill their own sheep.

When they sit down to their food, they gather round a communal bowl from which they take the food with their fingers. The head serving, by virtue of his superior office and the dignity which goes with it, sits by himself and eats from his own plate; he, too, eats with his fingers.

All this takes place, in port,

in a hostel which is clean and regrettably tidy; upstairs are the dormitories with bunks in true nautical style.

The incoming crew squatted on the footpath outside the hostel, waiting for those quarters to be "furnished" — for everything comes with the crew. Each time they come ashore they bring their own gaily-painted boxes, bundles of quilts and cooking gear — and their own cooks. Food is never far away from them, near the special glass and preparations upon which their religion, not their epicurean tastes, insist.

The boxes and bundles come in; boxes of every shade from pale chocolate to shiny coal-black, watch Noses from flat Monaghan to high, hooked Hindu. The big, heavy bundles are lifted with an ease surprising in such very little men, most over five and a half feet high.

When two or three crews meet, and only then, news of home is exchanged. They do not wait eagerly for mail days—letters are a rarity, and such letters as come are written at home by the public letter-writer in the bazaar and translated for the bucar by somebody at the foreign end who can read his lingo—there is always someone attached to the Mission who knows the dialects.

Their demands upon the port of call are extraordinarily

small; even the local tobacco shortages do not affect men who bring their own native tobacco hand-rolled in larva, tied with a thread of cotton, and smelling — to European nostrils — foul.

If they make very few demands, they also cause very little trouble. It is their main characteristic to wander around the city with wonder-filled eyes, and their only troublesomeness is that they sometimes get lost in a suburb and wander aimlessly until a kindly policeman rings up the hostel and asks for somebody to come and collect the wanderers.

Back in the hostel, undisturbed by their adventure, they sit and weave mats or grown nets, or make hand-woven scarves.

Captain Tapak, superintendent of the Sydney hostel, has a scarf of green and mauve and red—a gift from a leucar guest;

the Captain had, of course, to give a return gift in the true oriental style.

Leucars mostly suffered in their youth from malnutrition. As a result, many of them now suffer from tuberculosis; but the hostel offers them, in addition to care and shelter, medical attention if they need it.

Uncomfortable as some of them look in their shorn clothes, many say they would like to stay in Australia. There's a law against that, though, and back to ship they go, more comfortable in their dampness and harpatoed about the deck.

They are goats, shadows as they came, shadows as they fitted our streets for a few days, and now our shops. They see the mystery men of the waterfront, but there is no mystery about their quickness, their doggedness, their perseverance, and their loyalty to the King-Emperor.



Life-saving—New Way

OVER years of experience Surgeon Commander Gibbons noticed that the Schaefer (usual) method of resuscitation used for almost-drowned sailors rescued from the sea was not successful. It failed to resuscitate the extreme cases.

Gibbons was a renegade to say that, less than two years ago; the widely-adopted Schaefer method had its champions. But the back-kick against it started months of research, and the Royal Navy has, as a result, a new method of artificial respiration.

Actual developer of the new method is Dr. Frank C. Eve, of Hull, England, who got his inspiration while treating a two-year-old girl. She was dying of "death rattle"—i.e., mucus was surging back and forth in the windpipe, for which Eve had always treated the patient by slapping, allowing the mucus to drain down into the throat, from which it can be evaded. Doing this to the two-year-old he cured the girl. But she was still unable to breathe properly because her diaphragm was not working.

Dr. Eve asked the parents if they had a rocking chair. "Why not," he asked himself, "rock the child back and forth a dozen times a minute so that the

weight of the abdominal contents will push the diaphragm up and down like a piston?"

The rocking relieved the child's breathing.

Dr. Eve remembered that Commander Gibbons had denounced current life-saving practice. Could the rocking-chair be used for drowning men? Studying what happens to those who drown, he suspected that the diaphragm became paralyzed in such cases, as with the girl.

Details of the method: The drowning victim is placed face downwards on a stretcher and his ankles and wrists are tied to its handles, his arms extending away from the body, beyond the head. The stretcher is supported near the centre by a trestle about 34 inches high—or (in the navy) on a loop of wire hung from hammock hooks. The head of the stretcher is held to a tilt of about 45 degrees and kept there all as much water comes from stomach or lungs. Then rocking starts. After a few moments the tilt is reduced to 30 degrees each way, ten double rocks a minute.

Clothing is removed and the body rubbed and heat applied, while the rocking is going on. Time must not be wasted.

Satire

Proposals from a kindly heart to make the goal of the future more than a home from home, sound good—but they could lead to riots, strikes and revolutions.



Breeding 'Em Soft

MY attention has been drawn to the theory of Dr. Napoleon Tooten that in the post-war goal prisoners will be well set-up men strolling with ladies in model gowns and fashionable haircuts; they will live in Georgian cottages surrounded by lawns, will not be guarded, will be given lessons in painting, sculpture, dramatic art, and music. They will leave goals in the morning to go to work and will return in the evening. They will get week-end leave to go home.

Dr. Tooten is an American.

Things may be different there; but I foresee trouble should this system operate in Australia.

Think of the man who backs a policeman. When the whistle blows he will come up from the pit, go home to dinner in his Georgian cottage, and take a stroll on the lawn in the cool of the evening to expiate his crime. Poor man!

But don't waste your pity on him: remember the undermen who have only their wives

I Should Worry

*Conscience just is falling—in so the cynics say—
And the world is slipping backwards: for that a land
"Howsay!"*

*I do not care how fast it slips; I hope it slips like mad,
For I am just a refter—an utter, lay-down and
I only hope that I'm around when Time, that devil
cannibal,*

*Turns back the clock to let me peep at the nifty side,
Godina. — D.K.L.*

and homes to go to. Certainly they won't submit to discrimination; good them for enough and they'll strike, either to get their mate out of jail, or themselves in.

Bang gets an unblemished record.

Think of the plight of a drug addict to receive sentence for assault and battery.

"Six months hard," says His Honor.

Dignified Council man, "Your Honor," he points out, "my client is not, I would remind you, artistically gifted. He neither sculpts nor paints."

"He could listen to symphony concerts," His Honor suggests mildly.

"I would remind Your Honor that my client is tone deaf."

His Honor picks up a tuning fork kept for such occasions and proves his learned friend all too right.

"Suspended sentence. 12

months' hard to be of good behavior." His Honor says.

"You snuffed it," the prisoner says loudly from the dock.

"Seven days for contempt of court—and you can wind up the gramophone," says His Honor, thoroughly exasperated.

You can see how utterly impossible the whole thing is.

You can see, too, what racial discrimination is creeping in. "Prisoners will be well set-up men"—my friend, Comrade Bousvitch, points out that, under those circumstances, thousands of perfectly cracked criminals, weak from malnutrition and round-shouldered from their slaving over capitalist machines, will never be able to enjoy the inside of a civilized jail. Eliminate slums and make our men hard sturdy for the goods of the future, Comrade Bousvitch urges. Not without reason. Comrade Bousvitch is a highly class-conscious man.

A selection of music points out that the criminal classes, with whom he closely associates on both sides of the fence, will have something to say. Where, he demands, can a crook learn the latest tricks and the newest jargon? What, in a Georgian cottage surrounded by lanes, will replace the tapping on the walls which has killed many a dull evening?

And, my relative adds, should the criminal classes be induced to accept this weak and flabby substitute for a goal, why should they be forced out of it every morning to go to work, returning in the evening?

Even Dr. Nagley Testers must realize that these objections, while raised by laymen, are not without reason. It is possible that, with his trained mind, Dr. Testers can wrestle manfully with these problems.

I was discussing the various slants on the subject with my wife, submitting the evidence.

She brushed it aside with fine disdain.

"I'll get the Housewives' Association to take this up," she asserted. "Strolling with babies in model gowns, indeed! In-kind!"

Dr. Testers, I think from there on, you're sunk!



"No—that hat is made for a slightly taller man, sir!"

New Generation

When a child is being born woman's place is definitely not in the home. Nostalgic looking-back to midwives and front bedrooms breaks down under statistics.



Where Will You have it?

WOMAN'S place might be in the home, but NOT at the time when her child is born. All the best babies today are born in the efficient shelter of hospitals.

For the year ended June 30, 1944, 66,000 expectant Australian mothers applied for coupons — an increase of 18,000 babies covering the same period in 1939.

Most of this year's crop of infants will utter their first protesting yells in hospitals. Recent propaganda that puer-

tion's place is in the home leaves most mothers preferring to have children in hospital.

It's easier for the mother, better for the child and convenient for the doctor. Most expectant mothers of today attend a doctor or a pre-natal clinic during pregnancy; their progress is watched, incipient troubles nipped in the bud, and stronger children are the result.

Vital statistics tell the story. In 1903 — out of every 1,000 children born, 103.61 died. In

1940, the rate had dropped to 35.43 in the 1,000.

In 1921-25, 122 women in every million died of puerperal infection and other diseases of pregnancy and childbirth. Ten years later, the rate had dropped to 70 in 1,000,000. In 1936-40, it was even lower — 59 in every 1,000,000.

Usually the mother books a bed at the hospital where she has attended the pre-natal clinic. Her medical history is known — so are any weaknesses. When the time comes, all the aid of science and surgery, emergency measures, if needed, are hers at the flick of a switch.

She has a week or more in which to rest. The child is trained from birth to sleep alone, which is better for both mother and baby, and to regular habits and feeding hours.

The mother is not subject to the strain of irregular visitors, who can be tiring as well as inconvenient. The baby is freed from the well-meaning, but trouble-making paws, pats and kisses he'd get at home.

No domestic worries to be smoothed out from the front bedroom. The new mother can relax and no strain but that of feeding her baby at regular intervals. Likelihood of complications is reduced to a minimum.

Taking everything into consideration, it's much cheaper. A

lar at requirements is given to the prospective mother when she books a bed.

Fathers find it easier. Looking at the child through a glass wall doesn't apply to all his needs, but it is good for the child to be kept away from the possibility of having germs breathed all over him.

For the mother who prefers to stay at home, there are the familiar surroundings, the easily attended schedule of washing, eating and sleeping, unscientific and often inexperienced care.

It might be all right in half a dozen births. The next one develops complications which can be dealt with only by skilled hands. Precious minutes are wasted in this one case could prove fatal to the mother or the child — or to both.

This country needs population. It cannot afford to gamble with the lives of its future citizens. All the regret and reproach in the world will not restore life that has departed.

Earlier generations had their babies at home — there was nowhere else to go. They used oil lamps — electricity was not generally developed to its present stage.

But those who advocate the "Babies Born at Home" platform wouldn't consider disconnecting the electric light and reverting to kerosene lamps and candles. Nor would they have

the slightest hesitation is going to hospital for their own ill.

Old wives can still get together and gloom over the softness of the younger generation, but the figures are there. Cold, official facts down to the last decimal point, showing that more and more children have been saved by the skill of hospital nurses and doctors, and that the rate of infantile mortality, in this country, is going down rapidly.

There is every reason for the well-intentioned, these days, to value the status of the home greatly—for the home and its influence have, to our sorrow, been in some way war-mutilated. But it is equally important to lay the stress on the right things about the home home: its happiness, its freedom.

It is not a home function to become a hospital for maternity cases—in the past, home was a substitute for lack of medical

knowledge, lack of accommodation.

A century and a half ago operations were performed without anesthetics — anæsthetics were unknown. As they became known they were used: nobody drowns on them now.

It seems still necessary to present the maternity hospital in the same light: something which medical science has developed, and the worth of which has been proved.

To deny any woman the benefit of it is simply to sacrifice her comfort and well-being on the altar of a discarded sentiment which has no very practical basis.

Home defenders are welcome—as long as they defend the home itself and its functions, and do not confuse it with medical work, which is something entirely different, even when it applies to the natural increase of the home.



A MISSIONARY travelling in China was held up by brigands who systematically robbed every member of his party. The deaf bandit, going through the baggage, came upon a Bible and a token of membership in the Methodist church. At once he ordered the bags to be repacked and the lost returned to the missionary and party. Moreover, he personally approached the missionary, bowed low, and said, "I am sorry you were inconvenienced. I have repurchased my people for materialism. I have ordered all your belongings to be returned to you." The missionary expressed his gratitude. The bandit raised the double salute with a wide smile and a gracious gesture. "I am sorry it happened, sir," he said. "I also have the honour of being a Methodist."



"I found it easier to treat Rover than Henry!"

Strikers have weakened the home front war-effort; men who strike have robbed their country. Yet strikers have a point of view, and this has to be examined.



Why They go on Strike

DURING the war against Napoleon not only strikes, but the meeting together of workers to discuss their conditions, were illegal. This was but seen a steady stream of strikes which have caused harsh feeling, blind criticism, and discontent.

Some countries have ordered their strikers back to work at the rifle-point. In Australia every peaceful method, from arbitration to the Government control of coal mines, has failed

to correct the position.

The fact that strikers have embarrassed their nation at war cannot be forgotten — but it can be analysed. Very little has been done in analysing and meeting the conditions which cause the strike.

These conditions are not all physical; many of them are psychological, and it is useful to consider them without condemning the strikers. For instance, the installation of a steel container, though it sounds de-

strable, may not be what the workers in the factory want, for their home-cut hands costs them nothing, while the cast-iron costs them something.

Sope and processes of this nature might go wide of the mark, and it is unfair to call the worker "ungrateful" because he strikes over working hours he wants after you have given him a sixteen he doesn't want.

That is typical of wars in which lines have been crossed.

The whole question of criticism and opinion in relation to strikes has been one-sided, so the strikers think. He has seen daily publications of the number of idle men and the consequent loss in production. He has not seen equal publicity given to hours worked and production achieved. The worker feels that the one-sided publicity is unfair.

When men feel their grievances unfairly treated, men are naturally predisposed to be unreasonable — especially when the philosophy of the critic shows he has no intimate acquaintance with the industry he is dealing with.

Then again the conditioned worker places his own behaviour beside that of other industries. Take the striker who is contracted while he sees "quota sold" signs going up in all the shops and no effective action taken against them. What is the difference between the miner who won't dig and the shop-

keeper who won't sell?

It may be an illogical argument in the ears of a lawyer; but the striking worker feels that he has something there.

This, too, is understandable, for there is a vast overlapping and changing of conditions in the wartime world which the economist find hard to control and which the average worker has no time to study impartially.

Nobody helps him get an intimate glimpse of the back ground of his industry, telling him that the great all-round demands of war are not regulated by considerations of one particular industry. An army today needs A — tomorrow changing circumstances make A useless and call for B.

All the worker knows is that whereas yesterday he was being asked to work overtime on A, today he has time on his hands and B is getting the overtime. Workers on A feel they are being made a convenience of.

Looking back they see that when they worked overtime they lost a large proportion of their overtime in tax — they didn't mind the tax on their wages; but to lump overtime onto wages and tax the lot was a bit sharp — who couldn't overtime be taxed as the separate item it was?

Only too often such questions are inadequately answered. Why tell the factory hand about

Louise Ligards Lament

*I saw a man upon the stair
And when I looked he wasn't there
He sat there once for hours on hours
Till he was slaughtered by Manpower,
That may be good—but what I rue
Is that the blighters grabbed me, too!*

— D. E. L.

inflation when he sees people all round him spending more than he earns apart from taxation? He thinks the inflation argument is justious, because his \$7 is taxed down to \$5/10/-, while his manager is still allowed to spend \$15.

There are satisfactory answers, but the worker doesn't get them.

Rather, with the monetary changes within his industry, he fears the after-war period. He thinks, "If I produce too much now, and build up a stock, I'll be out of work later on while the stock is reduced." So he goes slowly.

There is a satisfactory answer to that one — but it isn't given, or rather, the answer given is not the one the worker can accept.

For the element of mistrust is big — mistrust of the management, of the Government

And fear of joblessness.

Now the strike is the industrial worker's protection against his fears: also, against his grudges and his injustices. Or against what he considers to be injustices; for it is always what he considers that motivates his own actions.

This represents a new meaning to strikes. Once the strike was the workers' way of bettering the conditions of his industry as a whole, as when Australian sailors struck against the employment of cheap coloured labour on Australian ships.

Now the strike has changed, and is often based more on the conditions of the individual factory than on the industry as a whole. Scientific production has reorganised industry so that fellowworkers in a single factory often have more in common than members of the same union working in different

factories.

The strike becomes a means of dealing with problems unique to a factory, not common to a business. This has been the case in individual coal mines. It was the case with waitresses in one Sydney restaurant who went on strike because their award was being breached. But waitresses in adjacent restaurants considered also going on strike — not because they were dissatisfied with their own conditions, but to support the claims of the strikers.

The cause of strikes today may be sorted broadly under four heads: (a) those caused by anomalous wartime conditions; (b) those caused because men do not understand the back-

ground to their industry; (c) those caused by mistrust of the existing machinery for their protection; (d) those founded upon wrong treatment of legitimate complaints.

The problem will not disappear when the war ends. Changeover in industry — the infusion into union ranks of rehabilitated men — the possible decline in wartime and in wages while taxation remains high — are potential sponsors in the post-war world.

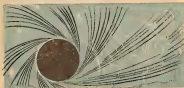
CAVALCADE propounds no sovereign remedy, for there is none. The first steps are to be frank and win the trust of the workers; to curb heated criticism and to understand their point of view.



"Pinner imagines he's a Spiffle!"

Radio

Scrapping your radio receiver overnight will probably not be necessary, since F.M., the silent broadcast that has made all the noise, has certain catches.



Report on a Radio Revolution

THE news that existing Australian radio sets would be obsolete shortly after the war created some excitement amongst Australian listeners. This prophecy was swiftly followed by statements from radio manufacturers that F.M. would come gradually.

Grand promises "possible to broadcast complete silence," "television" — "Facsimile broadcasting" (the reproduction of news on paper rolls) — "elimination of static" —

"cheap new radio sets" dazzled the eyes of the public.

It's not a question of something that will make all existing sets useless overnight. Like most big new developments, the use of F.M. will be gradual.

Invented by Major H. Armstrong, of U.S.A., F.M. has been used in America since before the war, but it will be some time before it can be introduced to this country. F.M., whilst overcoming man-made static, and giving enhanced

tone qualities to radio, has one great drawback. Its range is limited to a short distance. The ultra-short waves used for F.M. will not follow the curve of the earth. They continue in what appears to be a straight course, which, as the earth curves, becomes higher and higher above the earth and out of reach of receiving sets.

For example, a Sydney station broadcasting programmes on F.M. could not be heard further than, say, Parrith. Melbourne stations would reach approximately to Frankston. The higher the aerial, the greater the range, so that with an aerial of 500ft., F.M. would be heard within a radius of about 27 miles; if the aerial were 2,000ft. high, the programme could be heard within a 55 mile radius.

To reach the country listeners, radio stations would have to be built, whereas the ordinary radio station of today, transmitting on A.M. (Amplitude Modulation) can cover the whole of one Australian state, as well as large sections of other states, quite regularly and consistently.

The number of radio licences in force in Australia in 1940 was almost one and a quarter million. At that time 46.87 per cent. of the population was concentrated in Metropolitan areas. More than half the remainder lived in the country.

To the country listeners, radio is not only entertainment — it is their newspaper and market square, and sometimes school.

Obviously, the trend is to use F.M. for purely local reception in cities. The great majority of stations overseas are still operating on A.M., and set designers are planning the mass production of radio receivers which can receive both F.M. and A.M. programmes.

All Australian radio manufacturers have plans for marketing new broadcast receivers immediately the war ends and manufacturing restrictions are lifted. These sets will not be very different from the sets on sale before the war on their production was put into action.

There may be some very minor improvements, but the first job will be to get as many new sets as possible on the market and available to the public. At the moment, the great majority of radio receivers in Australia have long outlived their useful life, and would have been replaced long ago, had it been possible to do so.

It is doubtful if a single one of the 700,000 new sets which will be made available to purchasers immediately after the war will be F.M. sets. It is also doubtful if Australia will have an F.M. broadcasting station within the next 5 years.

Very few Australian radio technicians have practical know-

ledge of F.M. Power still are in a position to design and install F.M. transmitting equipment.

The advantage of the new system is insufficient to justify any large scale interference with the huge industry which has developed around radio manufacture and broadcasting with its attendant ramifications. The cost will be greater, the companies will make less money—like all new radio developments, F.M. is covered by very extensive patents held by various people.

Like television, F.M. is technically sound; but both of them require sweeping changes in transmission and reception before present radio receivers can be scrapped.

Naturally, domestic radio will expand during the immediate post-war period, although the benefit of research and work on equipment especially designed for war's needs will not be apparent for some time. In the long run, however, these new discoveries will considerably improve radio.

Present indications are that radio will be improved considerably; and that it will provide employment for many more people. It will be possible to absorb highly trained radio personnel from the services on their discharge, using many of them in research and developmental work.

One of the biggest develop-

ments of radio to come out of the war is magnet valves. Tiny, all-glass tubes, not much larger than a thimble, but just as effective as the big 6-inch valves which decorate many a post-war set. Miniature loud-speakers, fitting in the palm of a man's hand, but just as efficient as the ordinary speaker so used today in any home.

Overseas radio broadcasts will take on more and more an international aspect. To date, the surface of overseas radio has only been scratched by the short-wave sets. It will not be unusual to have international programmes as an everyday occurrence.

Most people today look to radio for home entertainment and local news broadcasts. Eventually, it will get to be our pricing to have it installed in the same way as telephones are installed. Or to visualize a large, international transmitter with relay stations in various strategic points of the world, devoted to world news, and transmitting in different languages on different frequencies twenty-four hours daily. News that is known as it happens.

It would cost a great deal of money to do this on F.M. until more is known of its power. Undoubtedly research is still being carried on to see if it is not possible to arrange a simpler method of broadcasting on F.M., other than by relay sta-



"Hello, Europe?"

mons or lead lines.

More radio stations are urgently needed in Australia, and it would not be surprising to see a struggle in wave-lengths. There, F.M. would be extremely advantageous, because it is possible to have more stations

transmitting under the system.

And, as ever, the cost will be the deciding factor. Whether F.M. is to be left to the Government, or to commercial stations, its present cost is more than double the present rate.

Passing Sentences

A CYCLOC is a man who, when he smells flowers, looks around for a coffee.

Marriage is just a public confession of a strictly private intention.

Duke Ellington, who once described a crowded street as a "well-dressed jungle" has coined another phrase: a pale-looking man is a "lightest tarlatan." It is pointed out that Franklin Roosevelt's blonde is a pale-looking man.

A nice thing about the war is that people won't stand so blatantly beautiful when they realize having been so European.

A soldier says: "I like the dry type of girl—the domestic girl—the sort you have to wheedle over."

An Army camp somewhere in Australia laughed over a barber in its nearby town, who displayed (and far longer) a notice: "Army barbers recommended here."

Then there is the artist's model who stopped posing because somebody told her a pin-up girl is just another kind of wall flower.

And then there is the kind of radio comedian who really can take a joke—drum out other comedians who haven't it.

A nice girl never chases a man. But there is a magnetism never chasing a woman, but.

A moon-lover is a man who, hearing a soprano sing in a hotel bathroom, puts his ear to the keyhole.

Albert Einstein, world-famous relatively-theory scientist, stated recently: "I've given up opening my mail, and I haven't had life much simpler that way."

Our Biblical correspondent says there never was a wife who liked her Lot.



A woman is really distinguished from most things, perhaps fairly from most, which have four legs and my nose of cold influenza. Cows are gentle and double crochets.

Wig views the Gentle Sex

Female—honor, what's that? When I got all tangled up trying to write an explanation of *Woman* I consulted a dictionary. This is what I found: *Woman* (woo-), n., an adult person of the female sex; a female individual; wife. I'm still tangled up and confused. If you can understand that you must be the guy that wrote the dictionary.



Woman can be found everywhere but mostly getting in or out of something first.



Women are the weaker sex and have practically no muscles. It amazes me how they manage to stand up for so long—and carrying all those parcels, too.



Whole difference between a man and a woman in her carrying shape, over which she has no control.

It doesn't matter if you cross a woman as her more hot to fury—like hell!



Women should never walk on the outside of the foot-park, as they are likely to fall into the gutter. This blocks up the drains.





Women are very proud of their legs, but soon to get very grieved if they are subject to close inspection.

If a man is thinking of having a family, it is just as well to marry a woman, or his children will be little ferrets.



Wouldn't It!

Revolution in Broadcasting After the War.—Then what are the notes we hear now?

* * * * *
Will Sell Crystal Chandeliers 4-Foot Diameter.—*What else could you do with it in a modern home?*

* * * * *
Taxi Industry Needs Overhaul.—*WRE this take the rattles out of the cabs, too?*

* * * * *
Housewives Boycott Sydney Theatres Where Smoking is Permitted.—*We don't like smoking in the dark, either.*

* * * * *
To Let—Comfortably Furnished Tests for Christmas Holidays.—*£6/6/- per week. Should have been the "For Sale" column.*

* * * * *
Standing Army for Australia.—*Ever since they cut down on furniture making.*

* * * * *
Rise for Dairyman.—*2.30 a.m.?*

* * * * *
R.A.F. Day Strike Over Germany.—*Industrial workers, please copy*

* * * * *
Ice Prices for Sydney Fixed.—*From now on*

* * * * *
Taps says Jap Fleet Invincible.—*It certainly knows the formula for living to fight another day.*

* * * * *
Australian Girls Know What's Cooking.—*At home on the range.*

* * * * *
Australia to Make Clocks.—*Manpower says Okay, but no extra hands.*

* * * * *
Sydney University to Have a Chair of American History.—*Well padded?*



THIS WAS SAIPAN

Many days of hard fighting, lasting unceasingly with the thunder of big guns and the noisy rattle of machine guns, followed up Saipan before the Allied troops landed there to battle for possession of the Mariana. Another stepping stone in the swift Pacific advance. Airfields on nearby islands were also smashed to bust down Jap defenses, and give the U.S. troops an open way. Further maneuvers drove Japanese carriers away, preventing attempts either to reinforce or to evacuate the Japanese garrison. Then, too to two days and Yank's fought it out. The 2nd and 4th Marine Divisions and the 27th Army Division wiped out Japanese resistance. Almost a month of battling cost the U.S. over 1,000 casualties including 1,424 killed. It cost the enemy much more than that. Strategic outcome of the victory was that the Allies had a beachhead only 1400 miles from Tokyo. The invading force was completely self-sufficient in supplies, arms, medical arrangements and every other need, the action was a perfect example, too, of "combined operations." Saipan was the capital of Saipan and the U.S. preliminary bombardment did the island over with the result shown in the picture. Take a second peek at the photograph above; you will see the complete latest destruction wrought by the true-to-the-mark aerial shells. Over a large area not a single building was left standing, and such walls as still stood were cracked. North of Saipan is Tinian Harbor where the Japanese had a seaplane base that got the strafing shown right. The planes destroyed on the ground scattered some nicely around the. So did administrative offices. The field was useless before U.S. attacks landed.





BRITISH WITH CHILDREN. Most of them only got 1200 when their stick and river levels. A natural world, one taught themselves to use of their own weapons. Americans, however, by the Pacific, using the same as much as the British. Across the world Chinese children, who have played with them and taught them to use their weapons, they a part of the world of the British, and it is not far off.



War

Children of the jungle, dark men whose fathers are human flesh, fight in the South-West Pacific against the small brown men of Japan, and fight like heroes.



Thanks for the Jungle Heritage

THEY wear American dungarees, on the sleeves of which are Australian chevrons and on the shoulders of which their officers wear Australian pipe; they wear Australian Army boots, too.

Actually they are neither Australian nor Americans, but members of the New Zealand force, practically a self-ruling unit; some of their most valuable fighting has been done on attachment to the Americans. Quite a mix-up.

They are Fijians. Their forebears were cannibals once, ruled by a king who had a thousand skulls in a row, each one marking a man he had eaten himself. Naturally the jungle is second nature to them, nevertheless they supplement their distinctive powers with certain white-man weapons — rifles, grenades, etc.; but not with things like compasses, for they have need of nothing but their own instinct where direction is concerned.

Just short of a year ago they were loaded with some Americans on Bougainville, to scout and harass the enemy. They were deeply religious, spending for a fight.

Their white Fiji-born Captain J. W. Gosling led the first Fijian patrol up to the front line on Bougainville — they went swinging along, singing along, until they passed the last signs of habited white at the edge of the American perimeter. While Captain Gosling blackened his face to be indistinguishable from his men, the cannibals' ears had from the trail into the quietness of the jungle Na Man's Land.

Quick, brown-eyed natives read like an open book the

broken stalks of grass, the single cut on a single tree-trunk, and other minor interferences with natural growth. Each one was a warning that Japanese had been here. Each one told them which way the Japs had gone.

Like black shadows they moved, noiselessly, cunningly. The Japs who had left these signs, were all dead in a few minutes — with hardly time to know what had hit them.

In one brief fight they killed more than a hundred of the enemy. Their casualty list was one man wounded.

Minor mistakes were their first testing-ground; the skill they quickly proved led to their receiving more important assignments.

At Torokina the U.S. forces had a small beach-head; across Bougainville, on the other side of soggy swamps, lay Numa Numa. Were the Nips getting out of Bougainville, using Numa Numa as their depot?

Fijian scouts were assigned to find out. Lieutenant L. A. Bentley, a native Fijian with considerable mark, detached a patrol, which set out with four days' rations, and shortly afterwards ran into a Jap ambush.

The patrol fought it out, withdrawing back for reinforcements, giving the bearing of the ambush. Another patrol of about 150 men went out, depending upon their accuracy sense of direction to lead them to the scene of the fighting.

The patrol went out on schedule — to do 35 miles through unbearable swamp and jungle in three days, a speed which amazed the hardiest white jungle fighters, and apparently amazed the Japs as well. Some of these Fijians came upon three Japs standing a telephone wire; the Japs were bayoneted to death before they knew they had been seen.

The impression created by these dusky jungle warriors was summed up by U.S. Marines, who, after they had seen the Fijians in action, said, "They're the most devastating thing we've seen in the jungle, they make the Japs look like amateurs, and we're glad we're not fighting against them."



Title-holder and challenger for the biggest championship belt a civilian can wear in this world, are two colorful and contrasting characters. Now meet Dewey.



A Round with Roosevelt

BATTLING in the world's most closely-watched arena for the biggest job an English-speaking private citizen can hold, were Franklin D. Roosevelt and Thomas Edmund Dewey.

Roosevelt, the Dick Whittington of Washington, had been challenged for his title before, but never so earnestly. Nor had the challenger ever had quite the same support as New York's Governor Dewey was getting as Roosevelt contemplated the elections which

may (or not) put him up for a fourth term.

For Roosevelt the stakes were bigger. A win would create a record which history has never rivalled, never will.

For Dewey, the job held by George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, Woodrow Wilson, is promotion from his present State position.

Perhaps the first very serious sign that Dewey would be a bigger threat than Round-the-World Wilkie was last elec-

tion, was when the United States' oldest magazine, the *Franklin*—founded *Saturday Evening Post*, declared itself pro-Dewey, anti-Roosevelt, this election.

Like Roosevelt, Dewey is a lawyer; unlike Roosevelt, who was born in New York, Dewey is a Michigan boy. Forty-two years of age, Dewey is 20 years the junior of F.D.R.

Dewey went into a newspaper; Dewey junior sold them during his adolescence, at a time when he was both boy scout and choir singer. But Thomas E. Dewey had a future in his mind; he entered Columbia University, and took his law degree. When he was 29 he got his big break.

"Wacky" Gordon, in 1931, was running a boom racket, but the State put him up on an income tax evasion charge, and Dewey was given the job of prosecuting. He won a conviction, won, too, the notice of press and public. Two years after the Gordon trial ended Dewey was given an appointment by New York's then Governor, Lehman, to clean up the crime-ridden city.

Dewey got his legal staff and his assistants around him and began to clean up the Manhattan sewers. He caught and convicted leaders of a dozen notorious rackets. Dewey's business was to see that crime did not pay other people; fighting crime

paid him. In 1937, at the age of 35, he was elected District attorney on the same ticket as Mayor La Guardia.

Once again the rogues of the city, including the famous Richard Widmark, Fritz Kahn and others, shuddered. But another two years saw the climax of the crime-fighting.

Although, in 1938, Thomas E. Dewey had lost the election for governorship of New York "because he was too young" (36), a year later he was in cabinets with Herbert Hoover and equal score of the political sky, and it was definitely believed that he had his eye on the 1940 Presidential campaign. Now, more noticeably, he started to offset some of the unfavourable publicity he had suffered as a result of his crime fight; and when 1940 came, it was evident that all the pieces of the jig saw fitted together—Dewey was going from coast to coast seeking Republican nomination.

Again youth was not on his side. He looked too young—Wilkie came to the fore—Dewey was out of the running, but the Big Job was not out of his mind. In 1942, as the United States had a young and tough-looking war on its hands youth did not stop him from getting his old friend Lehman's job as Governor of New York.

Two years again (it seems the duration of many periods

in the Dewey camp) and he is training to enter the ring for the nomination he missed in 1940.

This time youth did not seem to be allied against him. Perhaps his winning the Governorship of New York endorsed his maturity to the 130,000,000 whom he hoped to rule. Certainly he was said to have governed well, announced a 140,000,000 dollar surplus for the State's funds at the end of his first year in office; his publicists said he works from 9 till

7 and lunches at his desk.

That is the man who challenged Roosevelt. And the fact that the war is becoming less serious may have had something to do with Dewey's undiminished popularity as a likely successor in White House.

Observers say it has something to do with business recovery and a new policy for the post-war world—which could be interpreted to mean that Big Business thinks Roosevelt will be too old and too wise to be easily pushed around.

★

Archaeology Department

THE age of papyrus is frequently demonstrated when a slab man (or the next block in the tobacco queue) tells one with wisdom on it, but evidence is obtainable that papyrus are older still. Even the government seems to have had some taste of homogeneity, and 4,200 B.C. in Egypt, papyrus were being written down. This is one.

A scribe who worked in a room in the Temple of Thebes was disturbed by the noise made by his neighbors in the rooms on either side of his. One neighbor was a stone-mason, the other a carpenter. At last, driven almost to distraction by the din, he went to each neighbor and offered him a considerable sum if he would move to some other room. Both men complied. Next day the carpenter installed himself in the stone mason's room, and the stone-mason moved into the carpenter's.

A clay tablet dug up at ancient Ur brought another familiar phase of life into perspective. A 300 B.C. another complains on the tablet that her daughter stays out late at night.

Then, of course, the first mother-in-law story is involved in everyday electricity. It tells of a woman whose wife starts yelling, "Quick! Get your club. A tiger is chasing mother!" The woman shrieked, "I don't care what happens to a tiger!" he said.



"Well, look who's just walked into the studio! Bing Crosby! What are you going to sing for us, Bing?"

Miracle

In Italy and Ireland visions have appeared to children recently. Similar experiences ninety odd years ago started miracles proved by a Church Commission.



Bernadette's Sisters

ON May 13 a little girl who had failed to pass her Sunday School examination were down to the banks of the Bamba River (Italy) and we down there and cried.

A beautiful lady dressed in white came along, told the girl to stop crying and to ask the parish priest to re-examine her, assuring her that she would be successful if she did so.

In the following days the little girl saw the lady again and in due course from Rome

came cables that "at a village near Bergamo the Virgin Mary, was said to have appeared to a little girl."

On May 31, it was said, the Virgin told the girl that she was would end in two months.

The priest of the village examined the girl, discussed the visions with her, and visited the place on the river bank, but saw no apparition. Cardinal Schuster and the Bishop of Bergamo, when they heard the reports, treated them with re-

serve, and asked for evidence on the reported miracle.

During September, in Ireland, hundreds of people flocked to the little village of Keshicore, County Donegal, because villagers had reported seeing an apparition which they called "Our Lady of the Stars."

The apparition was a beautiful woman clothed in a white flowing robe, and wearing a mystic blue coat spangled with stars.

The figure was said by Kerrywomen to be the Virgin Mary. The first report of it came from two small children, who said they saw the lady in a niche in the side of a great rock. Scores of other people later claimed they were sharing the experience.

Following the appearance of the apparition came claims that at Kerrytown miraculous cures were being experienced by sick people.

Again the Church remained impartial, and simply asked for evidence to be collected.

From Knock, County Mayo, Ireland, came similar reports of an appearance of Our Lady at a shrine. Knock, too, had its influx of pilgrims.

It may be found, especially in the prophecy of the Bergamo vision went unfulfilled, that it was not a genuine miracle; these things are very carefully decided, and never rushed.

But sometimes the miracle is

found proven, and then the world gets another Lourdes — and possibly another Bernadette Soubirous.

She, the most famous of all children who have experienced visions, was fourteen years old on February 11, 1858, when she went out to gather firewood that flowed down a river and abode just under the Grotto at Massabilla. She was leaning against a rock to take off her shoes when she heard a sound "as of a rushing wind" which, to her surprise, did not move the trees. Then a niche in the rock was surrounded by an oval ring of brilliant golden light, and within the niche she saw standing a Lady of unspeakable beauty, who made the sign of the Cross.

Bernadette's mother heard the story and told her to keep away from the place.

On the following Saturday Bernadette and some other children went back to the grotto carrying holy water. They knelt and began to say the rosary, and Bernadette saw the same beautiful Lady again. The children who accompanied Bernadette did not see the vision, even when the child pointed it out saying, "There it is."

Bernadette threw some holy water towards the Grotto and said, "If you come from God come nearer."

When the vision came nearer

Bernadette again commenced to say her rosary; and when she had finished this, the vision had disappeared.

A third time Bernadette went to the Grotto accompanied by two women. She saw the vision, they did not. They framed questions which the child asked the vision. The beautiful Lady told Bernadette to visit the place every day for a fortnight and promised that if she did, "I will make you happy, not in this world but in the next."

Day by day Bernadette visited the Grotto; each day she had a larger audience; each day she saw the vision, the audience did not. But spectators remarked upon the wonderful expression that came over the child's face when the vision appeared.

This fourteen-year-old girl suffered ill-health, chronic asthma, liver & large humor on the face, and bone weakness.

Remarkable scenes began to be enacted at Lourdes. "Each morning it was the same," an eye witness wrote; "an increasing crowd, praying, chattering, weeping, struggling for a good place. Then all at once there was a movement in the crowd. 'Here she comes!' and Bernadette walks through the midst of them. They make way for the poor, humble, insignificant peasant girl, with marks of the greatest respect, the men uncovering their heads as she

passes."

A miracle occurred when, one day, the wind caught the candle that Bernadette was carrying and the flame passed between her fingers as she tried to shelter it. She did not feel pain, there were no marks on her flesh.

Finally, after 23 days Our Lady told Bernadette to ask the local priests to build a chapel on the spot.

On February 25, in response to the vision's command Bernadette scraped away some loose earth and the hole she made started to fill with water. The water was so dirty that she could hardly obey the command to drink, but she did. People said there had never been a spring of water there before.

People began to believe that there would be some extraordinary virtue in that water.

A stone-cutter of Lourdes, named Louis Barriette, had lost the sight of an eye through an explosion. He got the idea that "If Our Lady comes to the Grotto I think she will cure me by means of that water that Bernadette discovered."

He bathed his eye with that water—and recovered his sight.

Dr. Dajous said it was impossible, wrote down a sentence, and asked the stone-cutter to read it. Covering his good eye he read with his blind eye, "Barriette has an incurable amaurosis. He will never re-

cover his sight"—the doctor's writing.

A miracle had been worked.

A baby of two was dying; the mother held it in the spring water and it showed signs of life. Two days later it was perfectly well.

Another miracle to Our Lady of Lourdes.

Local police, good Catholics who believed Bernadette was making a laughing-stock of religion, tried to end the business. The girl was charged with fraud—the charge withdrawn; on July 28 the Bishop of Tarbes issued a statement that existence of the miracles would be sought. A Commission was appointed which investigated for nearly three years.

On January 18, 1862, the Bishop announced the Commission's findings:

"We give sentence that Mary Immaculate, Mother of God, has really appeared to

Bernadette Soubirous on February 11, 1858, and the following days, to the number of eighteen times, in the Grotto of Massabielle near the town of Lourdes, that this apparition carries with it all the marks of truth and that the faithful have good ground for believing it."

By the year 1888 Holland sent 300 pilgrims, Lyons 1300, Antwerp 350—organized pilgrimages, of these 30 important ones were effected among the Lyons pilgrims only, it was claimed.

Then Bernadette's visions opened up the most amazing modern shrine, started trains of organized pilgrims, and a succession of "modern miracles."

In the beginning, it sounded like the cases now in the news—these recent cases may, like others, be disproved or forgotten; or, like Lourdes and Bernadette, they may have a future.



Political

Each day, at the ringing of a bell, newspapermen meet in the Prime Minister's room to listen, to ask questions. They link the Parliament and the people.



Press Conference

WHEN Prime Ministers and Presidents announce decisions of policy to their nations they usually do it through the Press or over the radio—and more often than not they do it at Press Conferences, which most of them hold regularly.

The mechanics of the liaison between governments and the people represent highly developed, scientific manifestations of modern political organization of which the people who read the newspapers or listen to the radio know little.

What they read and what they hear is usually the result of the contact with the leader of the State by a group of men and women whose job it is to interpret, comment upon, and sometimes point in accordance with newspaper policy, the news they gather from the Press Conference.

The Press, and through it the people, is better informed or more befogged on what the government is thinking and doing in direct ratio to the frankness of the leader of the State

at his meetings with Press representatives.

Procedure in the three major Pacific countries, the United States, Australia and Canada, is pretty much the same, but of the three leaders, the Press Conferences of Prime Minister Curtin are more informal, more frequent and more productive of news than the others.

Twice a day, around 12.30 p.m. and 5.30 p.m. at the sounding of a bell in the Press Gallery at Parliament House in Canberra, a group of newsmen, usually ten or twelve in number, with sometimes a woman writer or two, troop down the single flight of stairs to the ante-room of the Prime Minister's suite at the end of the long Ministerial lobby.

There's seldom much change in the personnel of the group—all of them have been writing politics for years, and all of them are as well known to the Prime Minister as his own Cabinet ministers. Between them they represent the Press of the world.

Without formality they follow Cabinet Attendant, Oliver Chidley through the blue door into the big, dry, walnut-paneled, blue-upholstered room in which the Prime Minister spends most of his working days.

On two sides the room overlooks the rich green lawns, the colorful gardens and the trim-

cut cypress hedges of the Parliament gardens. It's quiet and peaceful, probably the most extravagantly peaceful outlook that a Prime Minister of any country at war could have. It's a scene so remote from war that it is difficult to imagine that warlike decisions are made in this room.

On the walls of the room are few pictures—just one or two black and white prints and a map—and the room itself is sparsely furnished with a big polished desk, a small revolving bookcase, three blue leather chairs, and a settee under the window.

It's quiet and cool here, with only the occasional noisy click of the air-conditioning machine to provide discomfort.

There's a breezy, informal air about the Press Conferences held in this room. Tip-tilted on his chair, one foot resting against the edge of his desk, Prime Minister Curtin answers the snatching, curly questions of the news writers with frankness, and, more often than not, with good humour.

Curtin was once a working newspaperman, as a matter of fact his occupation, if he were not a member of Parliament, would still be a newspaper man. He has never lost his contact with his old profession, and he is a member of the Canberra Division of the Australian Journalists' Association.

Therefore, Curtin, as a journalist, is able to get behind a lot of the questions which are fired at him, questions which might embarrass or trip another Prime Minister who did not know the technique of the newspaper interview. To the questions of the men standing around his desk in front of him, Curtin always answers frankly, freely and explicitly.

No other government leader in the world holds as many Press Conferences as Australian Prime Ministers, by long custom, permit. This is a circumstance which automates the average political writer and makes him envy his Australian colleague.

Australian practice is that the midday Press Conference is for the benefit of the reading newspapers, and the late afternoon Conference is the morning paper contact with the Prime Minister. Thus, an almost continuous contact with the Prime Minister is maintained.

If Curtin can't answer a question his Press Secretary, Don Rodgers, is informed as any Cabinet minister, usually can. If both can't they know where the newsman can get the information and tell him so.

Rodgers is to Curtin what Stephen Early is to President Roosevelt but there the close similarity ends because the Press Conferences which Roose-

volt holds twice a week, on Tuesdays and Fridays, are not the easy-going meetings even which his opposite number in Australia presides.

It's no hard to get into Roosevelt's office as it is to break into the Bank of England. I had special sponsorship, but even then I was vetted by officials, examined by police, passed by the F.B.I., and finally escorted by a State Department Officer to the White House so that I wouldn't fall foul of the guards.

At the White House there are two Press conferences, one in which the American journalists await the President's summons, and one in which all other news writers wait. It is all very formal, and very quiet — like a dentist's waiting room.

Prominent American writers are troop past, and in accordance with White House etiquette foreign writers follow them. If you're a foreign writer, and you are a little bit backward in getting into the President's office as likely as not you'll see nothing but the lay out of smoke from the President's cigarette, for the Americans have first place around the table and there are a lot of them.

Behind a desk cluttered with ornaments and odds and ends, President Roosevelt sits his back to the high circular windows and the two draped

American flags on their polished staffs.

It's a pleasant, workman-like room with many prints and etchings, mainly of ships which are the President's hobby. On an easel at the back of the room huge, coloured maps of the war fronts hang.

Stephen Early sits at the President's right, a shorthand writer scribbles down every word of the conference at his left. The President looks older than his pictures, his voice seems more tired than his radio voice. But he gives ample evidence of his dynamic personality, his alert mind, and his quick wit.

His more difficult questions are asked in such a way that everybody laughs in genuine amusement, and the fellow who asked the question doesn't seem to get another opportunity to repeat it. The President speaks fluently, quietly, answers questions without hesitation, encourages questioners, and generally handles these tough newspaper boys with the same aplomb and ease of manner that he takes into his conferences with the leaders of the United Nations.

But there's an unwritten rule which prevents foreign news men asking the President questions. They may write down



his replies to American questioners, but if they want to ask any questions themselves they must do so through an American. Nobody seems to be able to explain satisfactorily how this rule came to be observed.

The President may face from 50 to 100 newsmen at his Press Conference according to the importance of events on the news front. After the conference there's a quick exit from the President's office, and a quick rush to the nearest telephone to send the news on its way round the world.

The main difference between the news fronts of Washington, Canberra and Ottawa is that at Ottawa, Prime Minister Mackenzie King rarely holds a Press Conference at all. Most retiring of all the leaders of the United Nations, Mackenzie King shuns contact with the Press, sends its representatives so infrequently that when he

does, the occasion is something of an event.

Most of these Press Conferences are unproductive in a news sense because Prime Minister Mackenzie King, lacking ease of manner with the Press, and unaccountably distrusting them, talks off the record and forbids publication of much of what he says.

This reticence from association with the Press is a further manifestation of a way of life which has given Mackenzie King the reputation of being something of a recluse. A bachelor, he lives alone, does most of his work in a book-filled study.

But Mackenzie King is a kindly man and an astute politician. Without doubt he would advance the high causes which he sponsors by more frequent and warmer Press contacts.

Anyhow, that is what his Pacific neighbours, Roosevelt and Stalin have found.

Craftsmanship

WORKING on a swamp near Holyhead (Wales) some men found one of the fellow-workers with an iron collar round his neck. He had dug it out of the mud, got it round his neck and looked at it for a jolt—and the luck was in such good condition that it took more time to free him. The collar was one of those used on slaves more than 2,000 years ago in the British Isles, and is now on display at the National Museum of Wales. The collar caused men to search for other ancient ironwork there, and along with bronze and iron weapons were discovered, also, a long chain which was in such good preservation that it was used for dragging a four-ton bogged lorry, and did the work.



Plans for a POST-WAR HOME (No. 1)

PREPARED BY W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.S.

Subject of much speculation, the post-war home will differ from its counterpart of the pre-war era principally because more thought will go into planning. New materials and new methods of construction may be developed as a result of wartime experiments, but it will be some time before these are used to any great extent. It is in the planning of a home at something to live rather than as something to look at, due to the people who will build it that the biggest advances will be made.

There is a suggestion for a family home with two bedrooms, with room to add a third bedroom when required without spoiling the plan or spoiling the appearance. When costs get back to something like normal this house might be built for from £1,200 to £1,400 according to the site and the locality.

It has all the advantages of the modern open plan on the lower floor, while the use of decked steps means that there will be plenty of free air space around the bedrooms and useful sitting-out areas for hot nights in summer and to catch what sunshine is going in the winter. While every successful house is individually planned to suit aspect, orientation and family needs, this plan is offered as a basis to stimulate thought. The outside might be treated in any one of a number of different ways.

Complete will present further plans in subsequent issues.





Evening Landscape

WATERCOLOR BY HAL WISSINGHAM

Social

Veneral disease from the beginning of time has been an unchecked demon; but fear of it has kept the brakes on morality. Will easy cures lead to temptation?



Is Penicillin a Curse?

ONCE, if you caught gonorrhea, you rotted to death; there just wasn't a hope. Then came the sulfa drugs, and you were out of the wood in a few weeks.

Now Australians can go to clinics where penicillin is injected into you and between Friday night and Monday morning you are pronounced clean again.

There isn't any pain, barring the small sharp stab of the needle; there isn't any shame, unless you broadcast where

you're spending your week-end; there isn't anything to worry about, for no matter how much you are overindulged with penicillin, it won't hurt you.

That's marvellous.

Or is it?

Medically speaking, it is; for it marks a great forward step in freeing humanity from a dread destroyer. Like other curses of humanity, its origin is oriental, and its earliest, widest spread was in the days when part of the temple ritual of eastern nations was the cural

knowledge of the temple prostitute.

It has been advanced, with some reason, that in this way venereal infection is linked with the first commandment of Moses, which reads:

"Thou shalt have no other gods before Me, for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation."

Theologians, amateur and professional, have been puzzled as to why God should "punish innocent little children for the wrongs of their fathers," but explanation is that the "other gods" being the idols intimately linked with sex worship, and part of that worship being the temple sexual customs, Molony led in this way to the spread of venereal infection which, the old people knew, passed through the blood from one generation to another.

It is an interesting explanation; it also illustrates the fear in which venereal diseases were held. When the conquerors brought venereal disease back to Europe from the eastern countries, the infection passed into the west and became part of our unhygienic heritage.

Hand in hand with it went fear — fear of illicit sex relationships because unless the medical history of the sex partners were known, both were exposed to danger of infection.

To find one of the ghosts of the ages suddenly quelled is certainly a medical triumph.

Will it remove the brakes from morality? Will people who have curbed their passions through fear, now yield to temptation, knowing that the matter can be adjusted by a comfortable week-end in bed and no trouble?

Already, in the short time penicillin has been in use, some individuals have been treated more than once. Not all of these were street-walkers.

What can be thought when a very typhoid contracts gonorrhoea, has it cured, and within a few weeks has contracted it again?

If penicillin is the signal for unfettered licence, it may well prove a curse to the community.

A Sydney Government health co was criticised for remarking that if a woman was twice treated in this way, her head should be shaved, as a mark of her behaviour.

One cannot frankly say the punishment is too severe: its only drawback is that, faced with such shame, re-infected people would not apply for treatment, and would go about spreading infection.

This must apply also to all punitive measures. Yet it is already obvious that, if any cure for venereal diseases are going to lead to wider immorality, something must be done.

What is to be done is not a



"Why, I'd love you to come over. Helen's mother is always welcome."

medical question, though medical men may have views on it.

From a purely hygienic point of view, better to cure each case a hundred times than allow the infection to go unchecked.

The business of keeping people from promiscuity lies at other doors. It involves ideals (remember them?) and personal morality. It starts with early home training (where parents are still interested in bringing up their children) and it would be helped by a frank, firm attitude from the churches, by the deglamorizing of the sex act to its normal place in life, and by adequate instruction of young people about these "facts of life."

Too much has been made of sex—too much artificial allure, and too many prohibitions which give the feeling it is smart if

you can get away with it.

The problem is to restore to our minds a balanced view of sex.

It will not be helped by churches which think it good taste to sidestep the responsibility, by parents who have an omphalos-like conviction that "their children wouldn't do it," or by allowing children to find out, by trial and error, what is moral and what is not.

When we establish such an outlook and it grows under shoots of personal integrity, easy remedies for sex troubles will no longer be a cure to the un-moral, immoral and weak-willed, but will be a full blessing to the unfortunate.

Every advance brings added responsibility; and to this the work-and cure for gonorrhea is no exception.

Satire

Breaking a rule, conscience made a brave man of this citizen: he ventured where angels have feared to tread, and though he cut his feet, he won admiration.



No Smoking—Ladies Only

LETTERS to the Editor.

"Sir,—I agree entirely with 'Navy Cut' when he says that the purchasing of cigarettes on the black market is a danger to the moral tone of the community. People who break the law in this respect will go further. This is a menace which must be stamped out. Personally, since I found it impossible to obtain cigarettes through regular sources, I have given up the filthy habit. Mentally and physically, I feel much better in every way. We must take a

firm stand in this matter. Yours etc.,

Aloysius Damiotin.

"Aloysius, what's the matter?"

"Nothing, Asphasia."

"You're very quiet tonight."

"I am not."

"You are. You've hardly spoken all night."

"Well, what of it? You have the radio."

"Did you have a tough day at the office?"

"Why should that make me

Eat and Work

NEVER rising of the personal question whether we live to eat and eat to live, and whether work or worry does more damage, menfolk are still striving to find out just where pleasure eating and working should have in the healthy life.

Findings. A man who eats liberally ought to make up the weight lost by labour in twenty-four hours. If he loses weight, the labour has been excessive; if his weight increases, he has not been doing his maximum amount of work.

Further experiments show a man wastes energy during the first five minutes of his work, then, having settled down, he adjusts himself to use his energy profitably.

Monday's work is the worst, Tuesday's is the best in the week, if a man has rested on Sunday. After the day of idleness Monday is a "training up" period; on the Tuesday, rested and keyed up to pitch by Monday's practice, the man is at his best, but on the following working day, fatigue gradually mounts up

28—

*If the King were Prince Minister
Nothing is sweeter
Is Party Politics and such
Would matter half so much
The Caucus being
Would take the form of a letter
If the King were Prince Minister—
And that would be very sweeter!*

—Ezra.

quiet?"
"It usually does."
"If you must know, I had an extremely good day."
"Oh, What did you have for lunch?"
"Good. Good, woman, what does it matter what I had for lunch?"
"Would you like some soda for your indignation?"
"I haven't got indignation—hup—excuse me."
"There."
"Hup. Damn!"
"What did you say, dear?"
"Nothing."
"You are in a bad temper tonight."
"I — am — not — at — a bad — temper."
"Well, don't shout."
"Don't be ridiculous, Asphasia!"
"Aloysius, won't you tell me what's the matter?"
"For the last time, there is nothing the matter."

"Well, don't bang the table."
"I wasn't banging the table."
"You are."
"If I want to bang this table, I'll bang . . ."
"There now, you've broken it."
"Good — I always hated it. Useless thing."
"Asphasia — you've been drinking."
"What?"
"Drinking anything you could find that you could drink."
"Asphasia — be specific."
"Well — well, how do I know what you do all day?"
"And if it comes to that — what do you do all day?"
"What do I do? Aloysius Darrobin, I'll tell you what I do I want in quarters — Oh, of course, you paid back."
"What is it now?"
"Of course, you're all upset because you've given up smoking."

"Bah."

"And here have I been torturing you. Never mind, I can get plenty of cigarettes from Ethel."

"What?"

"She sold me a carton" — went some."

"Black market, eh? Now, Asphasia, did you see my letter in the paper this morning?"

"Oh, that?"

"Yes — that!"

"Have a cigarette."

"Asphasia — put them in the incineration."

"Like hell, I paid thirty bob for this carton."

"Wasting my money . . ."

"Rubbish. I like smoking."

"Creating crime."

"Well, give me a match then, please."

"No."

"Polite little thing, aren't you? There."

"Asphasia — stop blowing that smoke at me. I can't bear it."

"I'll blow smoke where I like. Why don't you have one?"

"Asphasia — I warn you — there are limits to my patience. I said — there — are —"

Letters to the Editor

"Sir:—I wish to congratulate Aloysius Darrobin and 'Nary Cat' on their courage and stand. Never having been a smoker myself, I can imagine the new sense of dignity and the calm evaluation which they have experienced in taking this new and beneficial resolution."

Yours, etc,
Laurie N. Truher."



"Alloy Smith! You'll find him out on the Ballfield or fisticuffs about the Warburton Rangers"



"Three of a kind, eh. You can have it, ... For only two paws!"

Science

An inventor demonstrates to two cameramen a discovery which makes known color processes obsolete and will end the day of the black and white film.



Color Movies all the Time

A MIRACLE of simplicity has occurred in color photography — a snap-taking thing, for a means using pictures on ordinary standard black and white panchromatic film, developing in the same way as any ordinary black and white film, and projecting the pictures on the screen in full natural colour!

The layman with no knowledge at all of the technical side must be impressed by the fact that what are, apparently, almost black and white films can suddenly take on all the

peacock plumage of "glorious technicolour!"

Today, as for years, a "color film" is a specially prepared strip of celluloid, highly sensitive, and requiring special development after it has been exposed. There are two popular kinds of color film — Dufay, which is developed by several commercial darkrooms and may be developed by the photographer himself if he has the equipment; and Kodachrome, which can be developed in only one Australian laboratory, in Melbourne.

Ballad

McGaughey was silly.
And Paddy was tough.
When Pat met McGaughey
The young was cough.

They hunted and chased,
They shuffled and he,
They punched and they danced
With bang-bang and.

When Pat met McGaughey
They made the sparks fly;
McGaughey was busy,
I said—there he be.

—Paul.

★

Years ago, before Kodachrome became a commercial proposition, there was a process whereby special film given ordinary black and white development could be shown as colour film, through filters, or as black and white film, if no filters were used. The drawbacks to this process were many — but the world of photography is turning full cycle, and looks like coming back to a modified version of the "early days" to give us the most efficient colour process yet.

The son of one of Thomas A. Edison's helpers, Richard

Thomas, a 43-year-old Hollywood camera mechanic, is the inventor of the new process.

Oh, perhaps, rather than an inventor, he is the man who has answered the problem, smothered out the difficulties, overcome the drawbacks, and presented the world with the simplified process.

Thomas has perfected an ingenious optical unit that slips into the place of an ordinary lens of the motion-picture camera. The light entering this unit through a single aperture is transmitted into four images which pass through four filters — red, green, violet and blue — and are then recorded as a negative on the film in terms of gray.

The images appear in blocks of four, the frame being divided into squares. The four images are identical in every respect, except that the gradations of gray substitute the colour record.

When shown with a standard motion-picture projector equipped with a Thomas optical unit to superimpose the positive images upon one another in the same coloured light as the filters through which they were photographed, the result is said to be a picture in full natural colour.

The film can be developed quickly in the ordinary laboratory and prints can be made from it as rapidly.

The sound track can be recorded on the motion picture film with the same ease as on the black and white film.

In Hollywood a demonstration was given by Thomas who slipped his special unit into place on an ordinary motion-picture projector and started to show sharply defined pictures with full tints of colour and sharp focus—a film taken with his own camera attachment on ordinary panchromatic stock.

"Although this process was invented to solve the problem of colour in motion pictures," says an official American release, "its use is not limited to that medium. The 'Thomas-colour' system may prove valuable in still photography as well as for the graphic arts and television."

Having conceived this solution to the problems of colour photography Thomas has now to build the tools and instruments to make possible production of his photographing and projecting units in quantity.

Father William T. Thomas, now 68, in his youth worked for Edison and is said to be associated with overhead trolleys, arc light invention, electric welding.

Son Richard, born in the American Midwest 43 years ago, went to California in 1923 and worked in motion picture production. Married, with a daughter of 18, he thinks he's struck something, and his future is still ahead of him.

(Photographs of inventor and inventions appear on page 36.)

RECORDS MUST NOT BE HANDLED



"Sure, I know the one you mean! I just can't think of it, either."

Australian soldiers' latest arena, Dutch New Guinea, was an unknown land until in 1910 a British expedition explored it for fifteen months at terrific cost.



We Looked It Over First

IN Dutch New Guinea Australian soldiers found a sharp contrast with the British territory in which they fought so magnificently. The largest island in the world, sliced in two by the 141st meridian, might have been divided, almost, according to its geographic extremes: the British held mountainous, jungle-covered, the Dutch held flat and swampy except for a long range following the north coast, which contains one peak perpetually covered in snow.

Of the 104,692 square miles of territory the Dutch possess in this half of the island very little is known; and although the man who took possession of the territory, Suibosma, tried to form the first European settlement on the island in 1828, it was still virgin ground, for the most part, when a British expedition looked it over in 1910.

Only the Russian explorer-scientist, Mikloucho - Macloy, had viewed the ruins of the unsuccessful Tilton Bay settle-

ment in 1874 and had plodded a little way inland to discover a new kind of sponge.

Captain Rawling and his British expedition of 1910 undertook, with the assistance of the Dutch Government, to explore 3,000 square miles of unknown land on the coastal plain between the Minto and Uluks rivers.

A number of naturalists went too; the Dutch Government provided 40 Javanese soldiers and 60 convicts as an escort, some of the latter being convicted murderers who were handed over to Rawlings in manacles and freed when they boarded the ship. These toughs, along with young Javanese in black frock-coats and strange make up a pleasant-looking party.

Rawling had a clue to the natives before he landed, when from the deck of his ship *Nao* he saw a thin column of signal smoke rising among the trees. This warning was echoed by other signal smoke columns that became visible every few miles. The news had broken.

The launch that left the *Nao* to go ashore made for the mouth of the Minto River, crossed a weather and passed between slamy mangrove-grown banks where alligators basked; these took less notice than natives who, camped on a bend in the river quickly sent out a fleet of well-filled canoes,

which gave a good enough reception.

Rawling established a camp on the bank of the river by the consent of the natives, cleared ground and laid out gardens. The soaking rain and fever was no kinder to his men than it had been to the Dutchmen of 1828.

The Papuans, willing helpers at first, became nervous as soon as they got into strange territory, and when Rawling tried to get them to go with him up the Kapaga river, they refused to go far; they seemed afraid of what lay ahead.

But Captain Rawling had his own methods: he decided to shame the natives in following him, so he shouldered his load and started to walk up the river bed.

A sudden guttural cry went up. The sally savages suddenly came to life and dived into the undergrowth. Their white chief believed they were hunting wild pig, dropped his cargo and joined the chase; but a moment's observation showed him they were following a human spear—and it was not long before his black crew was back with two very small naked men who struggled frantically to escape.

Rawling demanded he should see them, and they were brought to him. He ordered that their arms be returned to them, and then purchased their confidence

in the usual way with glass beads. Then he examined the captive—somewhere in the vicinity of four and a half feet high they stood, in no sense deformed, strong, wiry, well-proportioned—but small, naked but for a sporran of bark. They were members of the Tapiro mountain tribe, a people hitherto practically unknown to the world.

But Rowling had come to see more than pigmies; which was as well, for all his attempts to reach their villages failed, and though they frequently came to him on the trail, they refused to conduct him to their huts.

The explorer's objective was to reach the heights of the mountain range which divides the big southern swamps from the narrow northern coastal plain on which Hollandia is situated. Leaving the unsociable pigmies he tried again and again to penetrate the ravines and jungle which led up into the range; for weeks on end they hacked their way through jungle and across mountain streams. All roads led to cliffs, or impossible gorges.

The coolies weren't very helpful, in the main. Fever knocked them, the marching was too strenuous for them. Efforts to follow the stream in motor launches failed because of the sandbars and sunken logs which put one launch after another out of commission.

Every advance camp had drawn its supplies from the base on the Minita river; the question of bringing up those supplies was never satisfactorily overcome.

On the banks of the wide Iwaka river, fast-flowing and swollen from tropical rains, two Gharukas volunteered to make a way over the river. Indians who had come with the British party, they did back work. One of them, with a line of cotton fastened about his waist, strongly swam the torrent, and felled a tree so that it fell across the river, making a natural bridge—which the water promptly swept away. Only the single rope remained as a connecting link with the other side, and the torrent was increasing all the time in speed and volume.

Another Gharuka went through that torrent, a line about his waist, clinging hand-over-hand against the rushing water, on the first line. He got across, exhausted; and through his efforts further ropes were stretched, a rope-bridge built, and the party went on.

From then on it was cutting and hacking at jungle, a foot at a time, until the summit of a over 5,000 feet high was reached.

From it the peaks which were the goal of the expedition seemed as far away as ever—but from it the country behind



"What's the Government trying to do . . . run the country?"

them lay unfolded in panorama. It was a stirring sight — it was a valuable sight. Steadily the adventurers drew what they saw, and there, on the wild jungle hillside, mapped a wide stretch of Dutch New Guinea which had never been mapped before. Mount Goodman stood out clearly to the north; beyond that was a prospect which illustrated the nature of the country: a protuberance which stretched for 80 miles with a sharp nearly two miles deep which no man could scale.

So the expedition learned something of Dutch New Guinea, of its swamps and rivers, and of its rugged northern mountain chain as well.

They returned to the coast to find a terrible fifteen months' of 400 coolies, convicts and other staff only 11 remained alive—beriberi, fever, exhaustion, had killed most; a few had been evacuated out of the country.

And the first positive information about the interior had been obtained by a British expedition. Still in spite of war which has forced so much progress on the east of 141st meridian, the territory of Dutch New Guinea awaits the explorer. Much of its terrain is untraveled, many of its secrets unrevealed; it is known only in a general and unprecising way. Now, in 1944, it still awaits its Livingstone.

Business at the Bar

WHEN Daniel Webster was one of America's most prominent legal men, a Nantucket resident with a small case in the local court, asked Webster to appear for him. "It's not worth it," Webster replied, "it would not be worth my while to come down for less than a thousand dollars, I would have to stay for a week, and in that time I could appear in every case brought for the court, I can't afford the time, you can't afford the money." But the Nantucket resident produced a thousand dollars and secured Webster. "You come down and appear for me," he said, "there's your thousand dollars, and I'll fix it for you in this very case in court."

The unsatisfied Webster went to Nantucket and did, in fact, take every case in court. Some time later he found that the Nantucket business men had hired Webster out of the people who had cases coming up that week, and had collected 1500 dollars as fees for the various appearances.

So the shrewd small-town man had secured famous counsel for his own case, had got his services for nothing, and had drawn a handsome profit from the bargain!

PICTURE SECTION. No. 2



DOGS OF WAR

Canine is 3 years old and a German shepherd dog by breed but he fights the Allied cause. He has been commended for "outstanding performance of duty against the enemy at Bougainville Island" where he was shot twice when he saved his trainer's life by leaping out of a bush and attacking the weapon arm of a Japanese who was working up with a hand grenade. Canine was taken back to camp on a stretcher, medically treated, and is well again. Reliable bands of dogs have been trained for such war work in many other jungle-infested dogparks. German shepherd dogs and Siberian huskies are favorite jungle dogs. German shepherd dogs and Siberian huskies are good, too, in other war zones. Soldiers that men ride, the dogs locate.



WORKING WAR DOGS include Bullterrier, a Weimaraner (left), caught by the enemy with a light machine-gun on its back. His kind are used in snow areas, carry back-packs as well as pull sledges, maintain trail when snow blocks roads. Billy (top right) was a house pet six weeks before this was taken. Now he knows how to attack an enemy's weapons area; the team below, Bullterrier and overseas, are about to start on jungle patrol.





... then there were six

A DEPARTMENT OF THE GUINEA
PHOTOGRAPH FROM IN / GUINEA

AUSTRALIA

By FIRST SERGEANT FRANCIS J. O'CONNOR

(Reprinted by courtesy of the "Saturday Evening Post")

There is a land of savage midday sun
And soft, star-spangled tropic night;
Of mist-capped mountains whence the rivers run
In brown, meandering streams that like
Their yielding banks away
As they move cordently and slowly to the sea;
A goodly land of pasture, plain and bay,
And still unconquered, still unclaimed, still free.
A land where sunrise is a mingled glow
Of purple, pink and sudden bleeding light;
Where morning strikes out like an unexpected blow,
And sunsets play like preludes to a night
That swings a silver, tropic moon on high
To pale the palm trees and to splash the bay
With shining jewels, while the whispering winds
Cry through the night a mournful, howling lay,
This is a land that sires a hardy breed.
Here men must live by honesty and toil,
Ranchers, herders, farmers, they all need
Patience and strength to cultivate this soil
That is so woman-like: now petulant, now calm,
Jealous of rights, grudging her freedoms,
Granting no simple wish, no unearned aim;
Quick to resent a loyalty that wavers;
Hard-visaged, tough-throated, a swaggering land,
Hiding her kindness and her open heart.
Now is her time. Now she must stand
Against an enemy whose sin is art.
Northward the rumbling storm clouds, vast and grim,
Gather their forces, and the heavens reel.
Courage be hers, and faith that will not dim
Till force be crushed forever by her steel



This Year of Art

Remember how a new genre used to be an "opposite of art"? Now let's grant publicity for painting—and even the man in the street, who used to be impressed and learn things, has shed his inhibitions and started to posture his Own Opinion complete with vocabulary of gallery jargon. Galleries lurching from gallery to gallery looking for new exhibitions to compare, the new art without even HITS a painting or two—scrubbing about a five, you know—and newspapers may be forced by this new public interest to hire an art critic to replace the sporting writer who now writes up exhibitions, but came what may, once all the new trends in art, public visitors to the gallery will hold heads of state

Obviously, my dear, in his
innermost *(about)* of a
normal human being . . .

... And there's no doubt, not
now, you've got to admit the deep
emotional and psychological effect
of the paranoiac images evoked . . .



As the local paper
says, "One of the most
striking paintings in
the show (No. 57 by
Ann Sutherland) is a
perfect little gem from
the brush of this
talented artist."



At least the gallery provides seats to rest on after a hard
day's shopping—but mind you, though these pictures
are all right, that man's a real little thing on the butcher's
calendar 1941



Factory Hand

FRANK S. GREENOP (Private Business)

LYN wrote poems for magazines and took a serious interest in life.

"Even when I'm in the Army I still want to keep in touch with the world of thought; I want a share in progress," he told George.

"A plough share?" George asked sarcastically; then went away to play poker and to play hell, while Lyn captured New Guinea insects and indulged in other furious bouts of mental sport.

George's information was as mysterious as it was sudden, and it was apparent as soon as he sidled round the tent and stood, hat aside, arms akimbo, throwing his long shadow over the pages of Lyn's camp library book.

"What you reading?" George asked.

Lyn was civil enough about it, and slowly disarmed under George's real interest. Then, touched on writing for magazines and George wanted to know if Lyn would ever write a book and Lyn expounded on the type of book he would write.

"I guess you'd travel, too, after the war?" George asked, and Lyn admitted it.

"That's where your knowledge of languages will come in handy," George said. "Been learning Japanese a bit, haven't you?"

Lyn nodded, in a half-interested way, but George was deeply interested.

"Faster way they write," he said.

Lyn nodded. "Of course, you can learn it if you try," he said, and one challenge in his up-pish voice did not disturb George.

"How would you write — well, say your own name?" George asked. He fumbled in his pocket as he spoke, pulling out a pencil and a piece of paper.

"Well . . . Lyn began, hesitantly. "You can't just take any sound you like and write in down in Japanese; you see—"

George broke in eagerly, so impatiently, as you like: "Doesn't matter, Lyn, no trouble. Can you write 'Sergeant's mess?' Just a sort of demon-

* "Hush off and have a smoke," he said. "It's not Army work." Business defended, not looking up.

situation, you know — I'm interested."

"Sergeant's mess," Lyn repeated slowly, then, "Hank was sent to?" he mumbled.

"What's that?" asked George eagerly.

"That's not it, I'm just trying to think," Lyn said.

"But what was it—it sounds as though it will be," George persisted, so Lyn wrote it down as careful Japanese characters. "It means, 'What is your branch of the service?'" he said. "That final *ka* shows it is a question, and . . ."

George, however, was staring slowly at his length, as though the detailed explanation were quite beyond him, slipping the piece of paper into his pocket. "Thanks, pal," he said, "very interesting. Some other time I'll be back if I can — so long . . ."

The affairdy happened on when George up the truck and over the hill, was scanning into the blacksmith's shop of the maintenance unit like the winner of a world championship rifle.

"Got it," he said.

Brownie, asked but for a pair of shorts and inconspicuously heavy pair of military boots, sweated. He did not sweat as the city-dweller sweats, in smooth and occasional globules; now did he sweat after the manner of the jackaroo in December, who feels his clothes

go moist and hang to his body. He vented after the style of the fields of Hell whose uncomfortable duty it is to open and close the Furnace Doors—it was a job not very different from the one Brownie did. The bellows huffed and the bellows puffed, and the fire gave out that concentration of heat which would shortly turn iron from solid to fluid.

George made the blacksmith's shop and said, "Thank God for shelter," and sat down on the corner of a cold anvil and started rolling a cigarette.

He offered Brownie the makings. "Knock off and have a smoke," he said. "You're taking it too hard."

"It's not Army work," Brownie defended, and watched with grim satisfaction the sal-lon glow that turned to red and orange as he held the piece of iron in the flame.

"Not Army work?" asked a third voice, thin and cutting, from the door.

Brownie looked over his sweat-varnished shoulder and grinned at the R.S.M. "Only a joke," he said. "Who else but the Army would want a Jeep spring fixed up?"

The R.S.M. looked at the spring leaf that Brownie caught up in the air for exhibition. He saw the when grass flicker on the edge of the red-hot. "Better put it back and not let it get cold," he said as he walked

out.

Brownie put it back.

"One of these days," George said, "You're going to get well and truly caught, my boy."

"We are," Brownie said with a grin. "Though I think we'll get away with it. What did you get from doger?"

George grinned. "I had to stand a hell of an embarrassing to get it, but here it is," he said, producing the piece of paper.

Brownie looked interested. "What does it mean?" he asked.

"You can say it to sergeant-majors when you want to be very rude," George said.

"Dirty?" Brownie asked.

George grinned. "My oath?" They worked away through the sweeter of the morning, and they seemed satisfied with their work, which in the special conditions of that fiercely hot morning, was remarkable.

The Yank snartered once with his hands in his pockets, chewing gum, and looked in at the door of the blacksmith's shop.

"G'day, you big G.I." George said.

"Hya?" asked the Yank. He took out a package of cigarettes from his shirt pocket and knocked one half out.

"Thanks," George said.

After a minute's silence the Yank said, "Brownie here?"

"Somewhere about," was the laconic answer.

"Didn't leave any message?" the Yank asked.

George shook his head. "No, sir."

"Could I stick around a while?"

"Sure," George drawled.

They stood side by side in silence, smoking and looking into the trees.

There was movement presently, and Brownie emerged. He strolled across slowly without noticing the Yank until he stood within a yard of him.

"Tomorrow," he said cryptically. "The kite with it on is delayed coming across the range."

"Any particular hour?" the Yank asked.

"After malaria time," Brownie said and walked into the forge.

"How much did you say?" the Yank asked.

"One hundred and twenty Australian pounds," Brownie called back.

"What is it, a bottle of Scotch?" George asked.

"Guess so," the Yank answered, and strolled away.

Brownie came out and watched him go. "Seen him?" he asked George.

George shook his head. "Casual. Didn't get steamed up about it. Casual about the price, even."

"That's O.K." Brownie said. "Got my more spring leaves?"

"I'll bring one over," George said.

"Let's have it tonight like a pal, I'll go to work on it in the morning."

"That'll be the seventh," George said.

Browne grinned. "That's right; the seventh."

Browne had already finished with the seventh when the Yank came after malaria time next evening.

He strolled in casually and sat down. "Smoke?" He shook cigarettes from his pocket for each of them, and they lit up in silence.

"Poker game?" the Yank asked. They agreed, and played for a while. Then the Yank paid his losses and said easily, "I guess you've got the goods."

Browne rummaged awhile and came to light with a paper parcel. It was long and slender. He handed it to the Yank, and the Yank pulled out his bill-fold.

Browne held up his hand. "Give it the once-over first, pal. I want you to like it."

The parcel was addressed in heavy hunter crayon and was crossed and patterned from travel. The Yank's long fingers tore the wrappings off carefully, and he looked without excitement at the slender blade in his hand.

It was a Japanese sword. It was shiny in parts, rusty in parts, one or two sinister marks

were pronounced to be the corrosive effect of blood.

"But blood isn't corrosive, is it?" demanded George.

The Yank shrugged. Browne shrugged his muscular shoulders and said, "I don't know."

"No, blood isn't corrosive," Lyn said from the tent door. The three of them turned.

"Don't want to barge in," the heavy intellectual of the outfit said. "I just came over with that book I was reading the other day, George; you seemed so interested I thought I'd offer you a loan of it."

"Oh, thanks," George said, taking the book and throwing it down.

"No," Lyn continued, "blood isn't corrosive."

"Well the guy who shot the Nip in sword was taken from 'case him kill a man with it only minutes before," Browne said; "he's a mass of ribs. What else could that stain be but blood?"

Lyn shook his head. "I don't know; but blood doesn't corrode, and does. Let's look at the stain."

Sudden chill gripped George as Lyn reached out and took the sword from the American's hands. He looked intently at the stain. "That's more like acid than blood," he said.

"Maybe somebody tried to clean the blood off with acid," George said.

"Could be," the Yank said.



Lyn's face brightened. "By gosh, you've got it," he said; "when the man got this sword there was blood on it, and he went to clean it off with acid, and of course he only put the acid where the blood was, and he's — well, he's sort of etched the bloodstain — — Oh!"

George and Browne looked at each other and drew breath; for they realized in a second that Lyn's eye had got pained by the bloodstain and was reading the Japanese lettering on the sword. "Hoto wa nani ka," he read. "That's Japanese for 'What is your branch of the service' — that's what I wrote for you the other morning on a piece of paper, George. Remember?"

The Yank snatched the sword and inspected it. He looked from one face to the other, Browne winked at him slowly and cast a sidelong significant glance at Lyn.

"See here Sherlock Holmes."

the Yank said, "I don't know who you are. But one minute you diagnose bloodstains and the next you read Japanese writing, and you ain't natural to get one guy that does both. What's your trick?"

Lyn shook his head. "Then I'm unnatural," he said. "I can do both."

The Yank grinned. "I see it all," he said. "You've found a higher bidder for this little one, and you don't want me to have it, do you?"

He looked at the three and Browne uncomfortably opened his mouth to speak. The Yank cut in.

"This here piece of cutlery is mine, see, by promise of sale. You took my offer, and if you think you're going to scold me out of buying it by kidding it's a fake . . ."

George said, "Listen, buddy—"

"Don't call me buddy, chisler," the Yank said. "That's why you wouldn't take my dough before I examined the sword, eh? Well, take it now, because I'm gettin' this piece of goods, whatever. See?"

Brawnie showed resentment. "Look here, you," he started at the Yank, "this is a free country, and that's still my property—"

"Our property," murmured George.

"That's still our property," Brawnie continued, "and if I like to keep it and withdraw the sale—"

The Yank held the sword in a manner which would have been approved by Richard Lionheart, and pointed his finger menacingly at the three.

"I got a contract," he said, "and what's more, I got the sword." He brandished it quickly so that it made a sharp hissing sound. "Want it back?" he demanded, and switched it through the air again.

George was filled with visions of the deal breaking up, and his sincerity was most genuine as he returned to the role of middleman.

"Yank," he said crisply, "don't get hot. You've got us all wrong. Nobody said it's not yours. Nobody's trying to pull the wool—"

"Better not," the Yank said equally crisply. "This guy—" he indicated Lyle.

George cut in again crisply. "Never mind about this guy. You want the sword. You're holding it in your hand. Where is the dough?"

He flung down the \$120 in Australian notes and began wrapping the sword in the brown paper it came out of.

"You got us wrong, buddy—"

Brawnie commenced.

The Yank cut him short. "Glad to think so," he said. Then he gave a slow smile. "If you got any more of these, my uncle in Minnesota would sure like one—same price," he said. "But don't try to Welch on a deal with me again. Shrug, bego."

He stroked out into the dark.

Lyle spoke first. "Well, of all the—" he stopped, and suddenly staring at George. "I was only trying to—I mean, I didn't mean to spoil your deal. I just tried to read the writing, and I sort of said it before I— you see, it was so peculiar to see it on a sword that—"

"Forget it," George said. Then he and Brawnie suddenly started to laugh.

"You can't help laughin', it

makes you laugh," Brawnie said.

"I think I see why you worried that Jap waiting the other morning," Lyle said. "You're in this business in the manufacturing line, I take it."

Brawnie nodded. "We used to get our Japs lathering off bits of packing cases, and we just couldn't find anything when we were knocking up that cask order, that's why George came to you."

"You'd better not think of agitation," George murmured.

Lyle grinned. "How many you sold?"

"Six, to him and his mate," Brawnie said. "The seventh is in preparation."

Lyle's grin widened. "Every time a U.S. plane leaves here for San Francisco it carries a handful of souvenirs to sell to the shops over there—prevailing price for this kind of sword in a flash shop is 2,000 dollars," he said flatly. "The Yank and his mates are making about \$300 a time out of your handiwork. See?"

In the split second's silence the shadow from the lamp swung against the canvas. Then Brawnie grinned again.

"Strike me dead," he said. "we're dealing with the middleman."

"And that," George added, "makes us the factory hands. What do you know?"





MARIEN DREYER
(Backstreet Brewery)

SHAME

ALL that day, there had been a steady stream of children into the room set apart for the use of the Doctor. Normally, it was a waiting room for parents who wished to see the Headmaster, but once a week, it became the medical examination room.

It was a depressing little hole, with its Government colour scheme of brown and yellow paint and bare floor, scrubbed haphazardly with disinfectant, which still fringed the air because it was too cold to open the windows and the radiator did little to mitigate the chill.

Edith Mason, examining teeth and noses and ears, testing vision and posture, looked for coffee, black and strong, and a cigarette to rid herself of

the stench of poverty . . . of undernourished children . . . of unwashed bodies and clothes . . . at hand with the tangible evidence of neglect in the ears and lips. But she went on, through the afternoon, filling in the cards and watching the pile that had been so large in the morning gradually dwindle until only one blue card was left.

He was a boy of better physical standard than the others.

"At least," she thought, "he knows that I won't cut his arms and legs off if he doesn't behave."

There was something odd about him . . . His card said eight years and two months. But there was in the clean face an air of reserve and maturity, . . . and something else. Fear

Possibly the mother drinks, she noted, mentally. On the card, she jotted: "This child has a very worried appearance."

The name of Owen Radford was vaguely familiar. She had heard it often. But she didn't know just when or where.

"Have I seen you before?" she asked.

"No, Miss. I've only been here a few weeks."

"Where were you before that?"

"Wilson Street."

"I seem to know your face." And for a moment, the eyes of the child opened widely, and the Fear kept out . . .

Four-year-old Owen woke up in the middle of the night. He was thirsty, and the bed-louche had twisted around him.

He wasn't afraid of the dark. Only babies were frightened. But this wasn't an ordin-

ary dark. It held him firmly. And there was something bad. Other times when he woke up in the night, Mummy knew he was here he called out, and almost as soon as he was awake, she was there to tuck him in again. Sometimes, if it was a bad dream, she carried him into her bed, and told him stories.

"Mummy-mum," he called. His voice was thin and high with fear. He called and called and she didn't come. He would not cry, but he climbed over the side of his cot to the floor. He would go to Gran.

He couldn't reach the switch for the electric light, so he crawled on his hands and knees, feeling before he moved each time. It felt very lonely. He could hear a milk cart going past, plopping into the silence like a stone into a creek. Gran's door was open. He had to shake her before she woke up.

"I called an' called Mummie, but doesn't come," he said in explanation, but his voice broke into tears on the last word.

Gran rolled him in a blanket, and put the light on. The clock struck three, and Gran thought that perhaps some coons would do them both good, so that he felt it was worth being frightened, what with them both in the kitchen and Gran mixing coons while he nibbled a biscuit.

In the middle of the biscuit, Owen heard the car stop and the doors slam, and then it went off again. Then he heard the gate squeak.

"Here's Mummie!" he shouted at Gran, who hadn't heard.

Gran put the coons on the gas and went to the front door.

"You watch it," she said, as she went. "Maybe Mummie would have some."

Owen sat on the chair and watched the coons. He could hear voices on the front verandah Daddy must have waited at the theatre for Mummie, because he could hear him shouting to Gran. It wasn't his Gran's voice, though, because he kept talking to Mummie, and she kept talking back to him. Owen thought it sounded like Daddy sharpening the knife to carve the meat on Sunday.

He got tired of watching the

coons, and he slid off the chair to go and tell Mummie that the coons was nearly ready.

As he got to the door, he heard a noise. Much louder than the crackers the boys next door had made. Gran screamed, and then there were a lot of people in the front garden. He could see Mummie on the path. The crackers must have frightened Mummie, because she had fallen over. He went to run to her, but Gran snatched him up and hurried back to the kitchen with him. The coons had



boiled all over the gas and put it out. Owen felt badly about the coons, but it didn't seem to matter to Gran. And then Mrs. Warren from the next house came inside, and she car-

ried Owen into her house. By this time it was getting light. He was sleepy, and when Mrs. Warren put him on her bed, he curled up and slept.

Dr. Mason was having a rapid cup of tea in the teachers' room when she remembered.

It was late in the morning when Owen woke up. Gran was sitting beside the bed.



"Mummie?" he said.

"Mummie's sick, lovely," said Gran.

"Owie go to Mummie?"

"No. Owie be a good boy and stop with Gran."

At intervals that day, he kept asking for Mummie. At night, he went to bed obediently, but when old Mrs. O'Brien looked

in, he was awake, so that she sat beside him and crooned old rhymes until he slept.

Later, she told him that Mummie had gone on tour. Owen knew what that meant. On her last tour to Sydney, Gran had packed up coons, and they had both gone with Mummie.

Sometimes he asked for Daddy, but rarely. And then, he grew tired of asking for Mummie, because whenever he did, Gran's face twisted, and she banged things very hard.

Some time later came the advertisement of school. Gran took him the first day. It was rather fun. After Mummie had gone on that tour, and Daddy had gone away, Gran wouldn't let him play in the street, and although she played with him, she didn't play properly.

He had been at school for almost a year when it happened. And all his life, Owen would remember it. After the eleven o'clock playtime there was the usual rush to lead the line into school. Owen and Jerry Williams pushed and strained, and Jerry got pushed out of line so that Owen marched proudly in at the head of the line.

Later on that morning Jerry was whispering viciously when Miss Bowen called him out.

"Jerry Williams, come out here," she said, irritably.

Jerry went out to the front of the room.

"Now, what were you whispering about? You've been talking all the morning."

"Owen Radford pushed me over," he mumbled.

"Is that all?" she said.

"I'm going to ask my mother to take me away from this school. She says she is, too."

"Oh—and why, may I ask?"

"Because she says Owen Radford'll probably lose his temper and kill someone—like his father killed his mother . . ."

To Owen, all the eyes in the room were staring at him, and all the mouths under the eyes were rounded and gasping a huge "Oh!" of horror.

Quite suddenly, all the pieces of the puzzle fitted into place, and he crashed down in his seat.

Miss Bowen looked helplessly at him. He didn't look up.

"Owen," she said, gently.

But he kept on reading with a deliberate intensity . . .

At lunchtime, he went out into the playground and sat in a corner. The news spread quickly and before long he was the centre of a staring crowd, until Miss Bowen came and shoved them away.

"Owen," she said. "Would you like to go home dear?"

He sat in a little heap, trembling, so that she had to repeat the question.

She took him home and explained to Mrs. O'Brien what

had happened. Owen sat in a chair, silent and somehow quiescent. He heard the story for the first time.

"I'd give anything to spare him," said Gran.

"I could have knocked the Williams boy down," said Miss Bowen, tearfully. "Children are such cruel little beasts."

"You mean—Mamma isn't coming back? Ever?" he said.

"That's right," said Gran.

"Why didn't you tell me before?"

"Because you were only little. I didn't think you'd know what a mean, lover," said Gran.

"Everybody else knew," he said, dully.

"I thought I'd tell you when you got older," said Gran.

"When your father comes out . . . comes home?"

"When will that be?"

"Four years—perhaps less—if he's good," said Gran.

"Why don't you move, Mrs. O'Brien?" suggested Miss Bowen. "Go to another suburb. Change your name."

Owen never went back to that school. The next day, Gran went looking for another house, and in a few days they had moved. Owen never went down the front path again, because he could always see his mother lying there, and in his mind, could see the path covered with blood.

Worse than that, at nights he

used to dream of eyes—hundreds and thousands and millions of eyes, staring at him. And mouths that said "Oooh!" in stunned horror.

At the next school he was enrolled as Owen O'Brien. He was a very quiet child. So quiet that his teacher worried. She had the impression that he was looking and listening for something. He was! He was looking around to see if anyone knew about it. His ears were trained for the slightest whisper.

Miss Wright was discussing it at length at her boarding house one night.

"Oh, I know that boy," said one of her fellow boarders. "If it's the one I think it is, he used to be at school with a nephew of mine."

"Really?" said Miss Wright, eagerly.

"It must be the same child. Only this one's name was Owen Radford."

"Well, it's the same Christian name . . ."

"Of course, it's the most tragic story, dear, and you must not repeat it. I think it's the same one. About three or four years ago . . ."

Miss Wright listened wildly. "But how awful for the poor little thing," she said.

"Of course, you can see what's happened. The grandmother's trying to get the child away from the publicity. You won't benefit a word?"

"Darling, of course not! I'm not that type. I was just interested in the child."

It was an interesting topic of conversation at the teachers' room on the Monday. Other members of the staff could remember little details. The beauty of the boy's mother. The quality of her voice. Someone remembered seeing her in a musical comedy. Someone else remembered more . . .

It was a pleasant break in the morning monotony. They had forgotten that one of the girls had been waiting outside with a message.

She wasn't exactly a popular child, but that morning she had her hour of glory. She gathered little groups.

"Do you know what I heard Miss Wright telling the others this morning? You mustn't tell, but you know that new boy—well . . . Oh, it's awful."

"Well, tell us if you're going to."

"It's awful . . ."

"I don't believe she knows anything at all. She's only pretending."

"I am not, either. You know that new boy. Well, his name's not O'Brien at all. It's Radford."

"That's nothing wonderful."

"Isn't it? He had to change his name because his mother was murdered. And his father killed her. So there."

The news spread around the

playground like liquid fire.

"They know, Gran," he said, when he went home at lunch time.

She felt everything at once, and contrived not to show it. She dared not look at him.

"They know, Gran," he said again.

She had to look up then. "Do they?" she asked. The near weakness of her voice was something she could not keep back, something he heard and understood.

She understood merely that his new name, which had seemed such a good idea in the beginning, now debilitated him with endeavouring to conceal the truth—well, she asked herself, why shouldn't he endeavour not to conceal the truth? It was their stupidity, their cruelty, their lack of understanding which made it necessary.

She argued in temper but her balanced mind told her there was no blinking or side-stepping the facts.

Mrs. O'Brien moved again that week.

"I want to be called by my right name again, Gran," he said, before he started school. "They'll know sooner or later."

This time it was longer he knew they found out. Owen always thought of his fellows as "They." He came home one afternoon — "They know,

Gran."

"I'll start packing," said Gran.

"No. It doesn't matter. No matter where we go, They'll know. Somebody always knows."

"I wish we could get right away, away," she said, worriedly.

Owen twisted one corner of his mouth. "We'd still meet someone who knows," he said, without bitterness.

"We could try," offered Gran.

"It wouldn't be any good," he said. "I think we'd better stay here. If I don't take any notice, they'll get tired of picking on me. It's only because I'm new every time."

Gran couldn't speak, and Owen went on quickly:

"You see, if I don't take any notice of them — if I don't hear them — it doesn't matter. I'm used to it now. I don't listen." He didn't listen. He didn't look, either, because he hated those staring eyes.

"Lovely, if you want to go."

"No, Gran." He moved his chair away from the table, got up and pushed the chair back again. "I can't go on running away always."

Gran held him very close for a moment before she kissed him.

He went down the road, very quiet and proud.

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—DARCY—
WILLIAMS

The two men stared at each other and both of them started at Fogarty.

THE PEACEMAKER

D'ARCY NILAND (Goodwill)

WILL you be telling me now that anyone on earth would have called it a god-send to be in the shoes of Fogarty Lennon? Not that it's got anything to do with his shoes. Do

you see, Fogarty loved two men, and these two men were enemies; and why they were enemies it is easy to understand. Denis Griffin on the one hand was a Catholic, and Johnny



Kirkpatrick on the other was an Orangeman. The two of them were Fogarty's friends — he was an atheist — but against each other they were a pair of brawling hoodlums, with murder in the heart and death in the glance.

Do you see now the great affliction that troubled the heart of poor Fogarty? He wanted to fetch these two men together, and never a moment did he spare but for thought of how to do it. He tried everything he knew, but the two faces even refused the honor of warring good spite in the face of the other, let alone making up.

And Fogarty, bless the good-natured, stupid heart of him, was a warm and spontaneous nature; such a nature as gleamed and glowed in the friendship

of these two quarrelsome sportsmen.

Time and often time again, Fogarty had argued that he was no man to be trifling with God-given days over two such bare heads, that those who fight with their fellowmen fight with God. He never believed it.

This ragged man with the good soul stood in the sun on the street, worrying over the problem, when along came Denis Griffin, with his thin face pulled a bit in a whistle.

"The top of the morning to you, Fogarty. And what are you doing there holding up that post?"

"I want to talk with you," said Fogarty.

"I've arret a deaf car for a good friend. What is it, lad—do?"

"Ah, and it's got me thinking that life's not worth living when I see you and Johnny with your daggers in each other's hearts."

"Don't mention the name of dog's woe in my presence," spat Denis.

"But why, man, can't we all be friends? A fine there we'd make, and no limit to the fun we'd have."

"Look here," cried Denis. "You see this beast good shamrock in me buttonhole? While ever I wear that I'll never shake hands with that Orangeman."

"But that's stupid."

"Stupid is it? And where is it stupid? Did you ever hear the peeping of that shaven? Better wouldn't melt in his mouth. He'd coax the birds off the bushes with his soft tongue. I don't mind what the dullness says, but when he says the good St. Pat was an Orangeman—that I'll never stand for! Is that blasphemy or not, will you be telling me?"

Fogarty looked miserably up the street, as if expecting the usual coming of Johnny to the hunt; and the blessed fellow was right.

"Here comes Johnny now," he said, his face brightening. "I call him over and we'll have a yarn."

"If you want to speak with the disgrace, I'll wait over there a bit from you."

Johnny Kirkpatrick came up and slapped Fogarty on the back.

"Johnny," said Fogarty. "There's Denis over there. Would you be agreeable to shaking the hand of him if I call him over?"

"You keep your lice to yourself, Fogarty, and don't be offering them to me."

"He has enough already," cried Denis, trying to be insulting.

Johnny leered, but said nothing, for he could not think of anything damning enough.

"What have you got against the man?" asked Fogarty, impatiently.

"Well you know," muttered Johnny. "I would hit him with the world if I could pick it up, and then sue him for damages. He's got more cheek than a potful of pigs. He'll tell you to your face that St. Patrick was a papist, and himself awarded the shamrock for his personal wearing, whereas 'tis a well known fact he wore the orange ribbons first and always."

"Can't you call it quits, and be friends, just for the sake of me?"

"Did that glot suggest this to you?"

"God's truth, it's likely isn't it?" howled Denis, five yards away. "I wouldn't be seen dead with you."

"So," said Johnny. "And I didn't know you had such

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spect for me is not to stain my character by looking your corpse to me."

"I'll make you smell Hell for that?"

"Shut up," roared Fogarty. "You're at each other like a pair of old rips! There's to be no donbrook here, unless you want McDermott to drink the lee of us, with the undertaker swooping about for his cut!"

He looked threateningly at the two men, but he might have been a dove, for Johnny Kirkpatrick only gazed pugnaciously at Denis Giffen, and Denis bared his teeth like a terrier.

"I'm blue-moulded for want of a beating," Johnny challenged.

"Up with your sleeves, then," shrieked Denis, and he came sailing in, there in the street and all. But there was no fight, for Fogarty thumped Denis in the belly with his elbow and made him cough up all the wind he had. Denis grunted and doubled up to get it back.

"Go on home with you" Fogarty told Johnny, and Johnny went. Then Fogarty spoke to Denis.

"I only did it," he said, "for the love of you, and for the sake of my friend."

"I know," panted Denis. "It's not your fault. I'll be going home, and I hope I never see that dirty hawker again."

Fogarty looked over Constable McDermott coming

down the street and he went up to him.

"Constable," said Fogarty, in his soft-swooping way. "A man with brains you are, and knowing a bit about all things. Will you tell me now whether it's possible to have two enemies become friends?"

"That," said McDermott, extending his cambered chest that he gave himself with a home-made pair of dumb-bells; "well, that depends on what's dividing the parties. If you can get rid of what's dividing them, then you have a good chance."

"Now that seems to be wisdom," flattered Fogarty. "But would it work if one's an Orangeman and the other a sike?"

"Ah," rambled McDermott. "There, me lad, you have me; for that is a great divider, and what you will wipe it out with I can't be saying. The only time I ever heard of an Orangeman and a sike getting together was years ago during a plague when they were buried in the same coffin. And even then, when the coffin was opened later, it was found they'd cut each other's throats. So I've heard."

Fogarty thanked the constable, and with a squealish dispute in him, he stood about in the sun. Then he saw the good Father Conady, pulled him up and told him his trouble.

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"Ah, Fogarty, 'tis a powerful thing you're up against there, and sure of the empyrean realm you need to guide you. For do you see," says he, "two hates makes a big wall, with a man on each side, unable to see the other, if you follow me."

"With all due respect to your reverence," said Fogarty, "I've seen mud that's clearer."

"What I mean," said Father Cassidy, "is that they're irrevocable by the very nature of them."

"Look your reverence. First of all, McDermott the policeman, who knows nothing and says more, has told me I must get rid of the thing that divides them if I want to bring them together."

"And I say you may as well try to bless yourself with no hands to do that."

"Well," persisted Fogarty, "is there not some way I can bring them together by making them sink their differences?"

"Aha, you mean syncretism?"

"Do I? I don't know."

"You mean to put the best points of the Orangemen and the best points of the Sikes together, make that a working basis, and thus overcome the otherwise natural incompatibility of the two. No, it won't work! But I'll tell you what, Fogarty."

"Yes, what's that?"

"You may have one chance.

If you could — and I speak now purely as a legislator — if you could sink the one into the other, or disprove the two, then you may succeed. You might do that, but how the devil only knows, and he won't tell."

Well, Fogarty nearly tore the post mind out of himself thinking of some way, but at last he thought he had it. He went to the place of Johnny Kirkpatrick and told Johnny to come up and see him the next night. And he did the same with Denis Griffin. So when the next night came, it found the two enemies at Fogarty's place, and with their hands up a bit at Fogarty because he had got them in the same house under the same roof together.

Johnny sat at one end of the couch, and Denis at the other. Fogarty stood in front of them and spoke.

"Now it's something important I have to say to you pair of whinging rogues. You're cats of a kind, and that's true. To you Johnny; you say that St. Patrick first wore the orange ribbons in his lapel, and shunned the shamrock like it was old Nick himself!"

"I do, and it was," asserted Johnny, grinning.

"'Tis a dirty lie in his mouth," shrieked Denis. "That man would tell lies as fast as a horse would trot. He'd swear a coal miner was a cessary. So he would."

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"More talk like that," howled Johnny, "and I'll stick you like a pig and give you your guts for neckties!"

"Shut your gob!" bellowed Fogarty. "Will you be forgetting you're in the house of a gentleman?"

He stared with a fury in him.

"And now, and listen, you, Denis: You say good St. Pat never even had a smell of the orange ribbons, but forever and always wore the shamrock?"

"It's a fact of no dispute," swore Denis.

"Fig's test, so it is!" yelled Johnny.

"Till smother the bloody face you, so I will!" screamed Denis.

"You and what other crack-brained faggots?" shouted Johnny.

"Shut up! Shut up!" shrieked Fogarty, banging the table.

"Shut up, you howling gun-cocks, or I'll have a piece of you myself!"

"What do you want with me, anyway?" Denis demanded angrily. "I'm going."

"Easy put," clipped Fogarty. "And I'll be telling you what you're here for. You've just heard your own opinions about St. Pat and the orange ribbons and the shamrock. And you're wrong. Dead wrong, I'm telling you."

"Wrong?"

"Wrong?"

"Wrong as a cat that swallowed anything for a spanner. But on the other hand you're both right. No, it isn't a riddle. Here, just look at this. Take a good look now."

"Why," said Denis, wondering, "it has the form of a shamrock, only it's yellow and not green."

"Tis a yellow shamrock," cried Johnny.

"And what else?" smiled Fogarty. "You wear the cockles of me heart with your spryness. Now, don't you see, this is the first emblem the good St. Pat ever wore, and do you know why he wore it? He wore it in the shape of a shamrock to please the ciles, and in the colour of an orange to suit the Orangemen. Do you see now? Because he knew they would only be fighting. So you see there's really no difference at all between you, none at all."

"It's not true," Johnny cried.

"How true do you want it, man? This comes from a secret place in Maynooth Road, and only by a gift of the gab and a kind uncle did I get the lead of it to show you."

"Do you mean to say that all ribes have been wrong then?" asked Denis.

"And all Orangemen, too?" chimed in Johnny.

"Well, it's for yourself to see," shrugged Fogarty.

The two men stared at each other, and both of them stared



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at Fogarty; and no doubt everything would have been wonderful, if at that moment Mrs. Lennon didn't scratch out to Fogarty for the school.

"I never had them, shayger," yelled back Fogarty.

"And indeed you did," called Mrs. Lennon. "You had them only yesterday catching that yellow stuff I gave you."

Fogarty, poor man, didn't say any more. He just blushed. Johnny looked at Denis and Denis looked at Johnny.

"What do you say," said Johnny, "what we have for a friend? A dirty low weasel out to trap us and deceive us . . .?"

"And lying and blaspheming into the bargain," finished Denis. "Are we going to take that?"

"By all that's right, we're not!" roared Johnny, and with that the two of them care into Fogarty. And the ruction—you never saw such a ruction: with

no respect for chairs, vases, or anything else. And not even poor Mrs. Lennon could halt it, tugging hair and kicking shins as she did.

When they stood back from him, Fogarty sat dazed, bleeding and gragger in the corner, his cheeks, eyes, and lips puffed.

"There, now let that be a lesson to you," pointed Johnny. "You got what you deserved. And you—will you shake hands with me, Denis Griffin?"

"I will that," said Denis. "And if you'll come and have a glass o' potheen with me, I'll be glad. I don't think either of us want any more truck with a spalpeen o' the likes of Fogarty Lennon. He's no friend of mine."

"Nor of mine, either."

Together the two friends went out. Fogarty cursed and groaned, and fumed, and spat at the yellow shantrock on the carpet.

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A MESSAGE FROM THE
LIFE ASSURANCE OFFICES
IN AUSTRALIA

A year and a half ago paper shortages and other wartime difficulties caused CAVALECADE to go into temporary suspension.

An improvement in the position has made it possible to bring CAVALECADE back on to the market, and that in a more and brighter form, the best of tomorrow's magazines rather than that of yesterday's.

But things are still far from normal, and CAVALECADE, therefore, has to choose between quality and quantity. It chooses quality, and for this reason will appear temporarily only every second month.

A change-over to monthly issues will be made at the earliest possible date. Likewise, CAVALECADE will go on to high-grade paper throughout as soon as present paper restrictions allow.



The Bleeding

J. B. SWEENEY (Sporting)

THERE is a meeting of the 69th Bde. Boxing Association, and me and Branigan are appointed a sub-committee to procure a heavyweight.

It is the first time me and

Branigan have been vested with committee status, but the honour of the A.L.F. is at stake and the Auxiliary Officer is a man with a shrewd turn of mind, and an eye for intelligent

men like me and Branigan.

So we start the search for a heavyweight—as tough as the Ninth Division, and as thick in the hide as a Queen Street Commando; for in two weeks' time the 69th Bde. is to swap punches with the United States Army and the heavyweight is top of the bill against a killer by the name of Big Joe De Baskie from Brooklyn—Purple Heart and Ben.

For six months past the 69th Bde. has been punching the in-

sards out of the United States Army in every division by the heavy, and me and Branigan and the Auxiliary Officer do not like this state of affairs; and we do not particularly like anybody by the name of Big Joe De Baskie ever since the time at Port Capone when the first host Padre Sullivan's harmonium with a lump of high explosive.

So we go to the details depot next day and watch the new recruits coming in and there is nothing in sight that looks like a sleeping draught for big Joe De Baskie until we come to the Salvo Hut where there is a big joker sitting on a form drinking coffee and eating biscuits.

There is nothing around is a man eating biscuits and coffee in the Salvo Hut, but it is most unusual to see a man biting the packet on the end, putting the greasy wrapping down the hatch along with the coffee and biscuits.

So me and Branigan dip up alongside and ask him the strong of the greaseproof diet "I'm hungry," he says.

This joker is as big in the frame as any I've seen in the A.L.F., and I've seen as broad as the Myer Emporium, which is as broad as they come.

Sticking out from each side of his head are the unmistakable ball marks of pagillion and on his face there's a map of Ireland with the harp of Tara's

Hall running down the middle where his nostrils ought to be.

We size him up for a while and Brannigan asks him where he's heading. "Old and Bold," he says, "but I'd sooner be in the line."

Brannigan says it's a shame for such a big strong man to be in the Old and Bold and suggests that maybe if we ring the Adjutant we could fix him up on the hygiene of the 69th Brigade, which is working under establishment on account of the flu.

So we get in touch with the Adjutant and by the careful manipulation of service channels we get the Frankenstein taken on strength.

He's a joker by the name of Irish O'Banion with a record of 99 fights and 98 defeats, and the only time he took a decision was against a has-been from Hobart with a forty heart and three fading ribs.

Brannigan says his record is not impressive, but he reckons that Irish has the makings and makes and he tells Irish that if he's willing to have a crack at Big Joe De Bashio, me and Brannigan would be willing to train him.

Irish is not too keen about the proposition for a while but me and Brannigan get to work on him; and we tell him about the fighting tradition of the A.I.F. and all about the shame that has come upon us since

Big Joe De Bashio from Brooklyn has been doling out the punishment.

Then Irish gets full of emotion and tradition and he says he'll have a go. "Me record don't look good on paper," he says, "but there's one record I've held in 99 fights that makes a man feel proud. I've been beat," he says, "but I ain't been bleed."

Next night we put Irish O'Banion into strict training.

Me and Brannigan win twenty quid and ten cartons of Lucky Strikes on the preliminaries and we set the lot on Irish O'Banion for a clean up.

The Yanks are setting all they can on Big Joe De Bashio and I feel sorry for the Yanks, especially Big Joe De Bashio, who is going to remember Irish O'Banion in the years to come when Pearl Harbour's ordinary history.

Irish lumbers into the ring.

Then Big Joe De Bashio makes his entrance and he's covered in stars and stripes and the band plays the Star Spangled Banner.

Throughout the first round Irish is back-moving. Occasionally he makes a forward move into Big Joe De Bashio's glove, and, on the whole, me and Brannigan gets the impression that Irish is not making too much progress.

When they shape up for the second, Irish is immediately

IT
WON'T
BE
LONG
NOW!



He'll soon be swapping that walkie-talkie for the trooper for a portable radio and fun on the beach. That portable radio will be no bigger than merry a girl's handbag, and it will be clear, sweet and strong in tone. This day, miracle radio will be made possible by the same small miracle battery that has made the walkie-talkie possible—the Eveready "Mini-Bat" battery.



in distress. Big Joe cuts loose and plasters Irish with everything except the buckshot, but Irish is standing up to it and says, when he comes back to his corner, "Me and London can take it."

Irish collects it fair on his honest Irish harp and the rich red blood of the O'Banions flows down to the boards like the very Shannon River itself in flood.

Irish is standing still in the center of the ring. The Yanks are screaming for the kill and Braunigan goes to ring up the ambulance.

But I start praying for a miracle and the call goes through. Irish leaps into Big Joe with all the ferocity of his martyred ancestors, and for the next half

minute Big Joe is taking more punishment than the Japanese Navy.

A few seconds later Big Joe De Bashio was lying in the middle of the ring and he is knocked so cold he will keep for a month.

The referee raises the hand of Irish O'Banion in victory and we get him out of the ring and into the dressing room before the referee can change his mind.

And on the couch lies Irish and a flood of tears streams down his battered face.

"What are you whinging for?" says Braunigan. "You beat him didn't you?"

"Yeah," says Irish, "I beat him all right, I beat him, but he beat me."



WILLIAM AND OT CHARLES, 1900-2

DO YOU KNOW?

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